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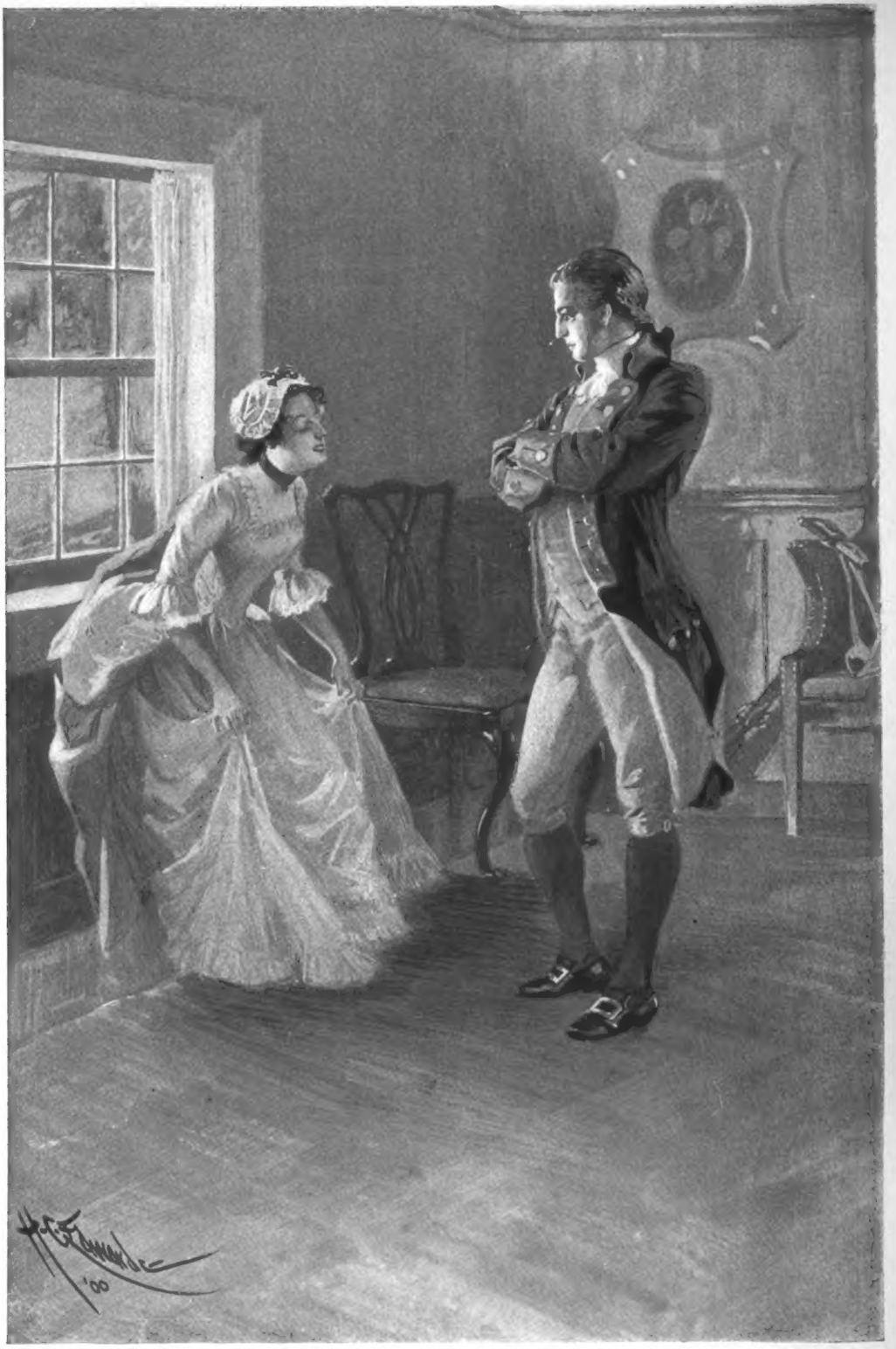

SHE SWEPT HIM A COURTESY FULL OF OPEN DEFIANCE AND RIDICULE.

"Joscelyn Cheshire," page 553.

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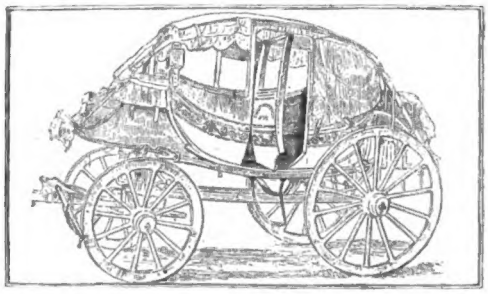
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1900. No. 16.



What our grandfathers travelled in.

A Bird's-eye View of the Century.

By Anna McClure Sholl.

One Hundred Years of American Progress.—Home Life in 1800.—How and Where People Lived.—Influence of Problems and Conditions on their Way of Living.—Political Parties.—Contrasts in 1900.

IN 1800 the United States contained about five million inhabitants, scattered along the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia, the majority of these living on farms within fifty miles of the coast. Beyond this limit means of communication were practically non-existent. The difficulty of procuring suitable food and clothing also tended to concentrate population near the coast. Only a small number of hardy pioneers, willing to undergo exceptional hardships, made their way to isolated log-cabins west of the Alleghanies.

The farmhouse had, as a rule, but one large room on the ground floor, which served as kitchen, general dining and sitting-room. It was the only comfortable room in the house. Stoves were known only among the Pennsylvania Germans; so all the cooking was done in a huge fireplace, like that described in Whittier's "Snowbound." From the pot-hooks and pot-claws hung the pots and kettles over the big wood fire. Kitchen utensils were of brass, tin not being used for such purpose at the beginning of the century. Even the brass utensils were not abundant. Bowls, skimmers, and dippers were often made of gourds. Dwellers near the sea used clam shells for skimming in the dairy. With forests all about the farm, wood was abundantly used for all sorts of implements, for the kitchen fire, and for heating rooms. Generally no room was heated but the kitchen.

The houses of the more prosperous farmers had a "best room," like the one

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LOOKING UP BROADWAY ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY.
From a rare Swedish engraving of 1818.

in Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks," only opened on Thanksgiving Day and when the minister came to call. In it were stored those household treasures which could not be replaced if broken or worn away by usage: china and glass, which had come from England; chairs and tables, made in the workrooms of Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and Chippendale. Indian corn, which had first saved the lives of the colonists, was still, in 1800, among the chief articles of food. The vegetables used were those which could be most easily raised: the accommodating pumpkin, the hardy bean, the plebeian turnip. Table furnishings were as simple as

A VIEW ALONG BROADWAY IN 1836.

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Photograph by Turnbull.

BROADWAY IN 1900.

Looking up-town from the fifteenth floor of the American Exchange National Bank Building at Cedar Street.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL OF 1800.
Painted by W. Granville Smith.

the food. The day of wooden trenchers (when china dishes were scarce) had not quite departed in 1800. Napkins were abundant, because forks had not come into general use. Dinner, which was served at high noon, sometimes an hour earlier, was in two courses—meat with vegetables, then pastry. The complicated courses of a modern American dinner came in with the millionaires. A Sunday dinner at the house of John Adams in New England consisted of a pudding of Indian meal with molasses and butter, then veal and bacon, and a neck of mutton with vegetables.

Many of the staples for the household which are now supplied by the manufacturer were then prepared by the women of the family. Sugar was cut from a sugar-cake which weighed from nine to ten pounds, and sometimes lasted the frugal family a year. Sugar, being imported, was a luxury, kept, as a rule, for guests on great occasions; the family using maple sugar, or honey—the products of the farm—for their daily needs. Spices were

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THE MODERN GOLF GIRL.

Painted by W. Granville Smith

ground in mortars and mills. Cider was a universal drink, because it was easily made, and was very cheap, costing only a few shillings a barrel. Tea, being a luxury, as were all imports, was sometimes replaced on the farm by blackberry leaves, sage, or golden-rod; coffee, by a fluid made from parched rye and chestnuts. Flax was grown on the farm. The housewife spun and wove and bleached her own linen. She carded the fleece for wool. The making of wool cards—leather-back implements set with wire teeth—was a favorite occupation for an entire family on winter evenings. Dyes for the wool were obtained from logwood, from the bark of red oak, or hickory. The juice of the golden-rod flower, mixed with indigo and alum, made

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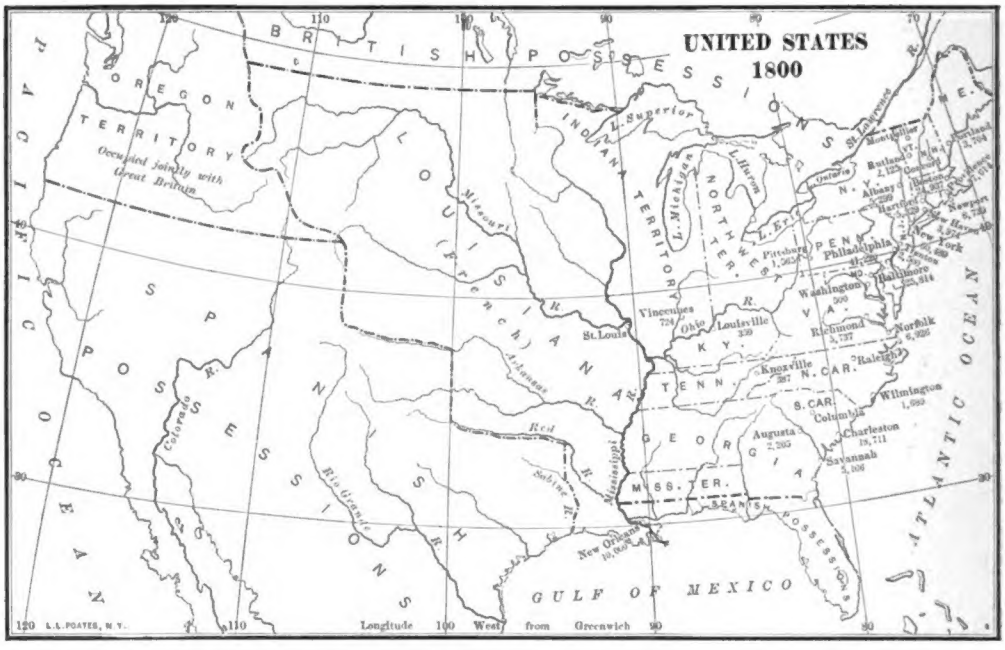

a beautiful green. The juice of the poke-berry, boiled with alum, made crimson. Violet was obtained from the petals of the iris. The housewife thus clothed her household from the sheep of the farm, from the flowers of the field. She made the candles in candle moulds, still to be seen in some New England houses. Matches there were none, light being obtained from a flint and steel, and a tinder to catch the spark, generally a piece of scorched linen. Sometimes a light could not be

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obtained under half an hour; hence it was a calamity for the fire to go out.

Carpets were made of rags woven by the housewife. She made her own soap; she pieced quilts for the bed; she was such an aid to her husband that he could not get on without her. A wife, in 1800, was indispensable. Families of twelve, sixteen, even twenty children were common a century ago. Benjamin Franklin was the youngest of seventeen children. Now a family of six children is considered large. It becomes a serious question, when the daughters as well as the sons may wish to be sent to college, when the father can never be sure that his daughters will marry or his sons succeed in the modern meaning of success. The father of a century ago regarded his family without apprehension. The farm provided them with food and clothing, and the means to earn their living when they grew older. In a paper published in the "American Museum" in 1787, an old farmer writes:

"At this time my farm gave me and my whole family a good living on the produce of it, and left me one year with another one hundred and fifty silver dollars, for I never spent more than ten dollars a year, which was for salt, nails, and the like. Nothing to eat, drink, or wear was bought, as my farm provided all."

Conditions of life in 1900 have almost compelled parents to look upon their children as costly luxuries. They must provide for them a certain style of dressing, a certain style of education, travel, amusements, and indulgences unknown to the farming Americans of 1800.

In the matter of dress, for instance, fashion was much less complicated and less expensive, when each class had its distinctive dress, as at the beginning of the century. Americans became democratic politically long before they became so in social customs. The dress of John Hancock was typical of the gentry. He was seen at noonday wearing "a scarlet velvet coat, white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers." A worthy biscuit maker of the time, Mr. Bogart, who lived at the corner of Broadway and Cortlandt Street, New York, wore small-clothes with woollen stockings, buckles at the knees and in the shoes, body coat with large pockets, a white stock buckled behind, a plain, neat shirt with sleeve buttons, and broad-brimmed beaver hat. Such was the contrast between the clothing of a gentleman and of a tradesman. Laborers and mechanics wore red or green baize jackets, leather breeches, and leather apron. On Sundays a white shirt was worn instead of a checked one. The apprentice wore the clothes of an apprentice at all times. The serving-maid dressed according to her station out-of-doors as well as in. No person whose estate did not exceed £200 could wear gold or silver lace, or any lace above a shilling a yard. Ministers, lawyers, and physicians were considered the social superiors of tradespeople however wealthy. The gentility, including ministers and their wives, were alone entitled to the prefixes *Mr.* and *Mrs.* before their names. Those members of society above the rank of a servant were called *Goodman* and *Goodwife*. Now all classes are titled alike, and all classes dress alike and dress well. This uniform good dressing of Americans is expressive of their mental attitude toward each other. They recognize but one standard of equality—the equality of material success open to everybody. The magnificent material advancement of a hundred years, together with the growth of democratic feeling and the popularizing of education, has brought about this new standard.

Fashions did not change, and classes did not become confused, largely because intercourse was so difficult in 1800. The bad roads made travelling at once troublesome and expensive. If a man went from New York to Boston, he had to endure three days in a purgatorial stage-coach. At the inns along the road he would be obliged to share his room with four or five others. He was doing the unaccustomed thing and must pay the penalty, as a man does now who insists on going into queer parts of India or Africa. The average cost of travel was ten cents a mile. Francis Baily, President of the Royal Astro-

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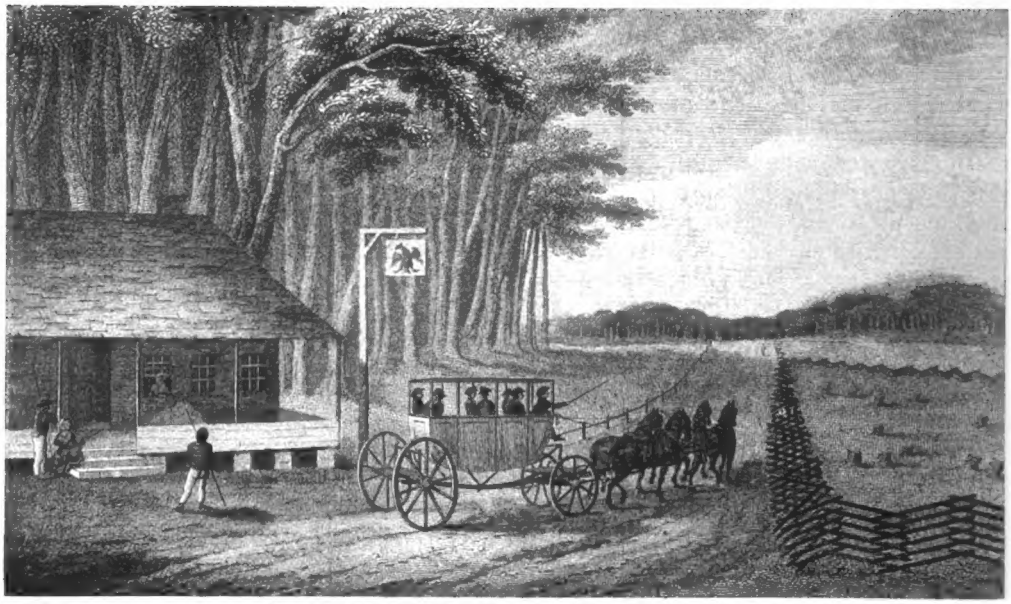
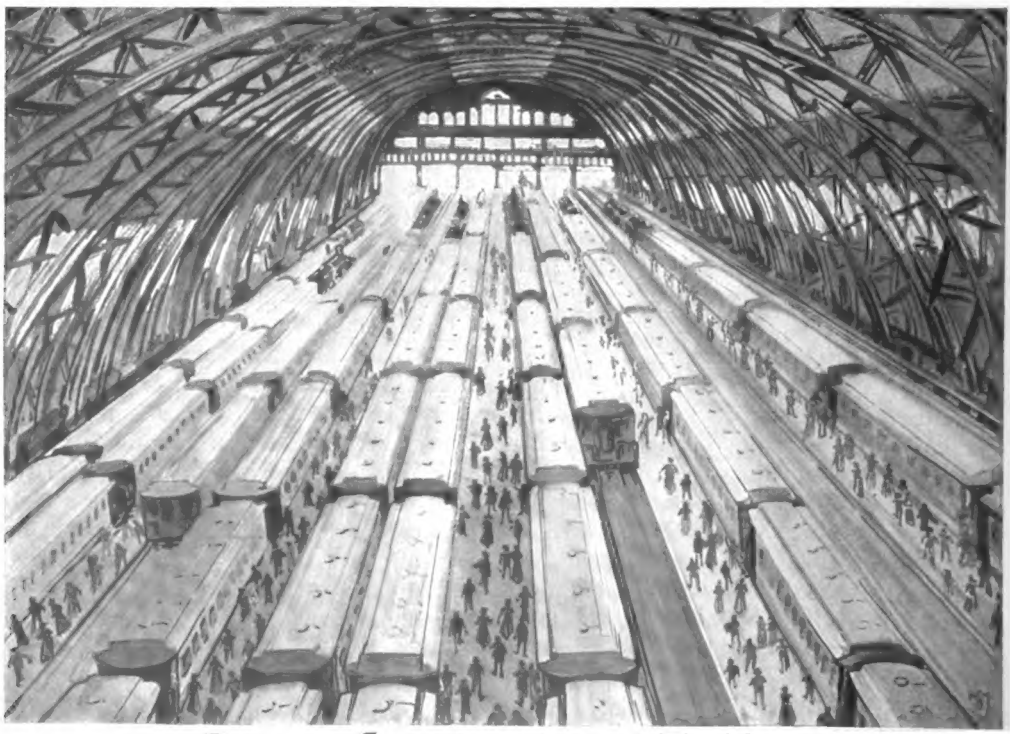


A TRAVELLING COACH AND ROADSIDE INN OF 1800.

From a contemporary engraving.

nomical Society of England, made a journey from Baltimore to New York by stage, the hardships of which made such an impression upon his mind that he left a record of them for posterity. His expenses amounted to twenty-one dollars, the journey requiring the best part of a week. Travelling for pleasure was out of the question. Water journeys were as slow and uncomfortable as land journeys, when



A MODERN TRAIN-SHED.

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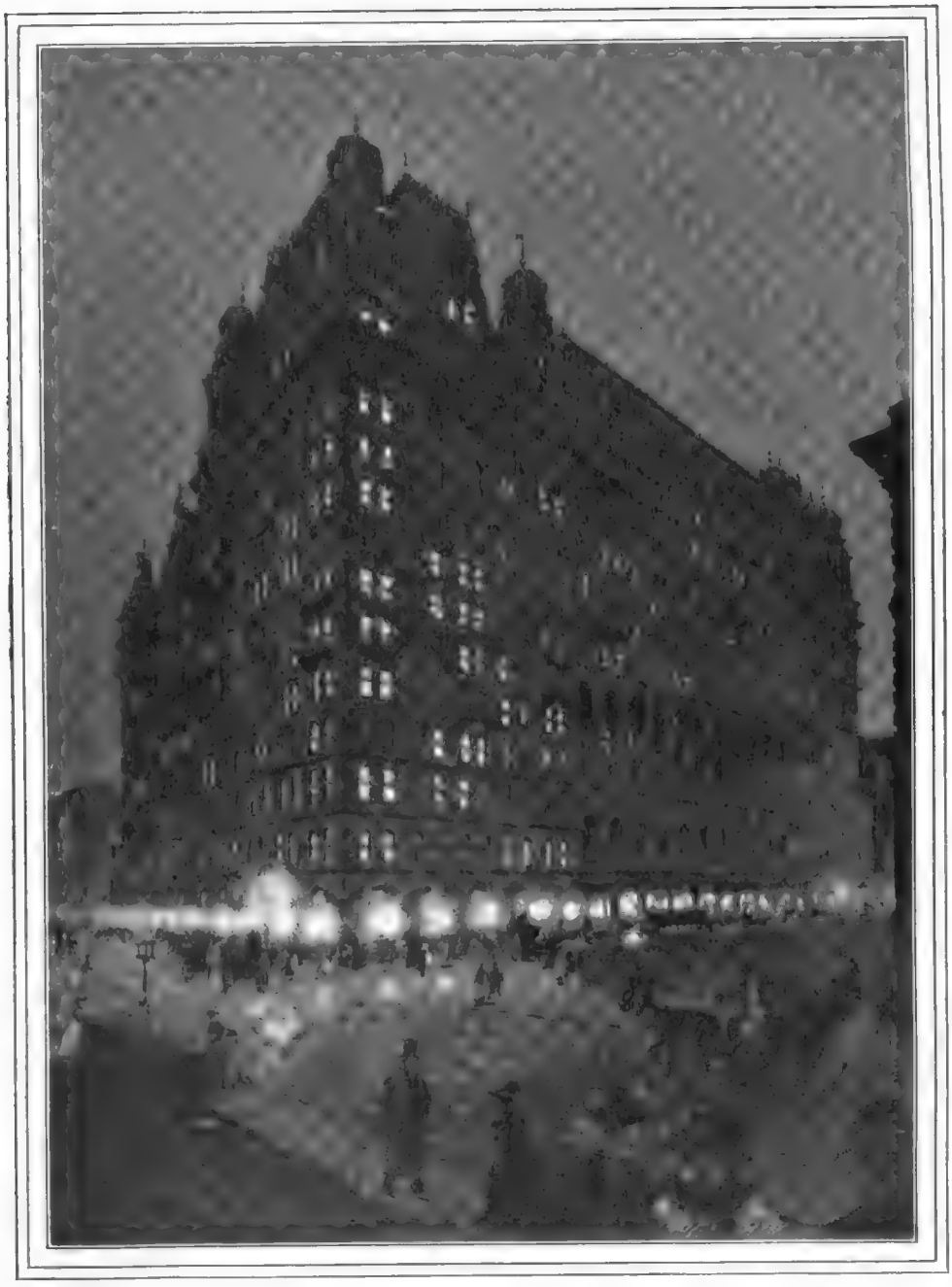
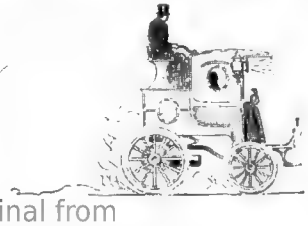


Drawn by C. E. Hooper.

WHAT THE TAVERN OF A CENTURY AGO HAS GROWN TO.



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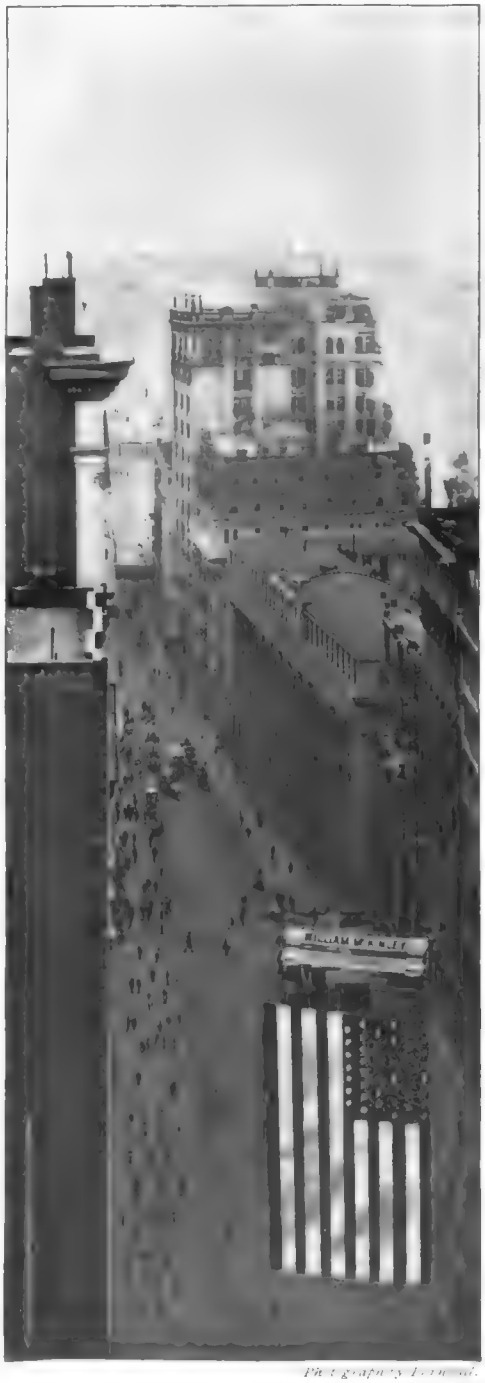
it took a week to get from New York to Albany in a sloop, and when passengers were obliged to furnish their own bedding and provisions. It is certain that the very discomforts of travel drove the inventive Americans to an early consideration of the possibilities of steam. In 1790 John Fitch had already built a steamboat, and before long Fulton perfected his ideas. By 1826 the first little railroad was opened in Quincy, Mass., four miles in length, designed to carry granite from a neighboring quarry to the sea. It is obvious what enormous differences the 245,000 miles of railroad of the present day make upon the life of the nation, in contrast to the state of the country in 1800. Many Americans change their homes yearly, because it is so easy to do so. It is merely a matter of loading the furniture on an automobile truck or on a freight train, which will transfer it in a few hours to its destination. At the beginning of the century Americans lived in the homes their families had lived in for generations, partly because it was so difficult to move furniture and freight. The necessities of the case in Pennsylvania, where the soil was very soft, evolved the famous Conestoga wagon, specially constructed to carry heavy loads over miry roads, "a splendid example of a true American vehicle, the highest type of a commodious freight carrier in this or any other country." These adverse conditions of travel made the post-office service slow, costly, and uncertain. In consequence, letters were luxuries. People could not afford them just to say they were well and to send their love, when the lowest rate of postage under forty miles was eight cents, and when it took three weeks or more to get a letter from Maine to Georgia. The house had to burn down or somebody had to die or be born to justify the expense of a letter.



WALL STREET IN 1900.

Having no railroads or telegraphs in 1800, business was conducted in a slow fashion, and there was not much of it. It was the time of small shopkeepers. A draper in New York or Boston would display the latest fashions from England, but they were already two months old, because it had taken that time to get the goods

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across the ocean in a sailing vessel. Money did not circulate freely, because people were isolated. It was not easy to spend it on a farm which supplied everything needed for the food and clothing of the household. All luxuries were more costly then than now, because they had to be brought from Europe: wines, silks, fine china—all things that were not made in this country—were only to be had by the wealthiest Americans. In regard to these things the purchasing power of money was less then than now, but farm products were cheaper, butter being sold for from threepence to sixpence a pound.

Much of the vaunted simplicity of life in those times was due to the fact that it was impossible to live in any other way. The houses were bare not because people liked them so, but because wall-paper and upholstery and all the modern forms of household decoration, which came in with the Centennial Exhibition, were not obtainable in 1800. There was no stained glass for the churches, and meeting-houses

WALL STREET ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

were barren, because the congregations could not make them anything else under prevailing conditions. People adapted themselves to these conditions: the majority lived on farms, and farm work requires early rising, therefore early rising and early dining was the rule. City life of 1900 reverses this order. Business is so pressing that no one can take time to dine at noon. Candles were costly in 1800, so people went to bed early. There were few theatres—only one in New York City—so people stayed at home evenings. Every-

WALL STREET IN THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE CENTURY.

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RUNNING TO A FIRE IN 1801.

body went to church, because church-going was the indispensable hallmark of respectability in 1800. No shopkeeper who did not go to church could expect patronage. There was much leisure to examine the life of a fellow-citizen in the days before the telegraph and the railroad. This leisure, together with the prevailing Puritan standard, bore fruit in such social dramas as the one immortalized by Hawthorne in the "Scarlet Letter." Now the complexity of life makes sinning on a large scale easier, and more difficult to deal with; in consequence, rogues sometimes flourish in high places.

The intense religious feeling of 1800 made Bible reading and the discussion of theology daily occurrences. Congregations sat bravely through three-hour sermons, sometimes too cold even to go to sleep. The ever-westward tendency of national growth carried Americans further and further away from Puritan influence. The growing interests of life, the growing circulation of books and newspapers, diminished the interest in abstract theology. The religious life at the end of the century is not less fervid than at the beginning, but it is utterly different in its manifestation because of the changed conditions. Not the least of these is that the Bible is no longer interpreted with

THE FIRE-ENGINE DRAWN IN THE ERIE CANAL CELEBRATION, 1825.

utter literalness. While creeds are, in consequence, undergoing change, religion manifests itself in good works, and in

FIGHTING A FIRE IN 1800.

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Drawn by W. F. Halsey from photographs.

A MODERN FIRE-ENGINE
AT WORK.

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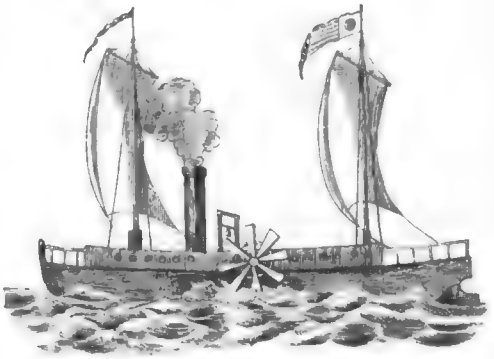
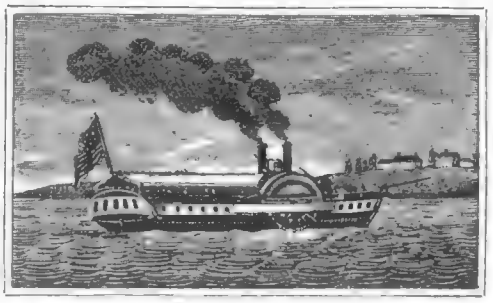
numberless philanthropic institutions. The practical spirit of the age aids this practical religion. Conditions of life do not permit the abstract brooding over theology which was characteristic of New England life for two centuries.

Conditions of life in 1800 were likewise responsible for a certain type of citizenship. The word "neighbor" had not lost its kindly significance at a time when material aid and comfort were supplied, not by corporations, but by individuals. The material well-being of a town was often dependent upon the actual manual labor of its inhabitants. Even in New York City street cleaning was accomplished by each citizen sweeping before his own doorstep twice a week. The bellman gave notice of affairs of local interest. The watchman at night called out the state of the weather. The fire department was a volunteer one. Each family was obliged to own four leather fire-buckets and a large canvas bag conveniently at hand. Upon an alarm of fire by bell-ringing or shouting, every one hurried to the scene with his buckets, or, if delayed, threw them into the street for other citizens to carry. After the fire was over the fire warden took charge of the buckets until their owners came for them. The first fire-engine was used in Brooklyn in 1785. It was little more than a rude pump mounted on four wooden wheels, a striking contrast to the elaborate apparatus of 1900, with its powerful engine, its extension-ladders, and the long-distance hose made necessary by the ever-increasing height of buildings.



FULTON'S FIRST SUCCESSFUL STEAMBOAT.

Citizenship also implied taking turns in guarding the town at night. Prominent citizens of Boston relieved each other on the night-watch. This friendly helpfulness, this close personal contact with the actual work of the city, made men more patriotic in their citizenship than is possible in the present day, when all classes are separated by wheels and red tape from the machinery of government, with the effect of a duller interest in municipal concerns. Citizens of New York were better able to understand these concerns when there were no day police, and only seventy men were required at night. When the Bowery was a country walk, and Duane Street uptown; when fashionable dwelling-houses on Dey or Cortlandt Street rented for $300 a year; when Washington Square was the Potter's Field; when stages ran from Wall Street to Harlem—the duties of citizenship were close, intimate, and easily understood. The conditions of the present Brobdingnagian city make these duties most complex and remote, involving problems, as that of dealing with vice, well-nigh beyond solution.



ONE OF THE FIRST STEAMBOATS.

Education at the beginning of the century was closely linked with ideals of good citizenship, because colleges existed chiefly for those who were to guide the community—as clergymen or lawyers. The aristocratic tradition of Great Britain, which accounted only gentlemen's sons worthy of a college education, prevailed to some

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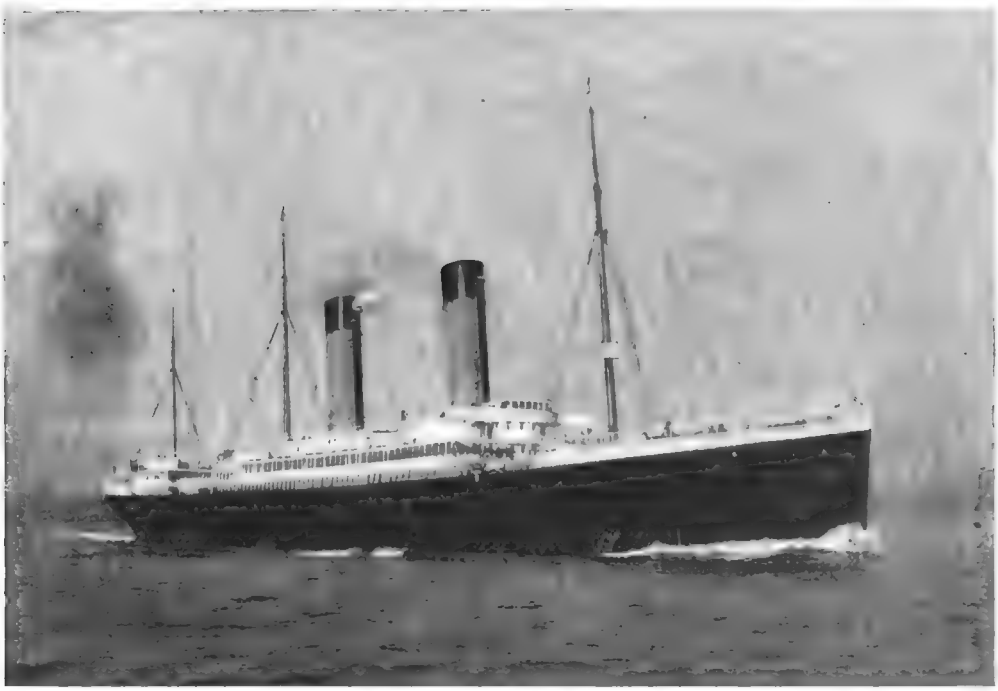

THE "OCEANIC."

The largest steamer ever built, till the launching of the "Deutschland." Length, 685 feet; breadth, 68 feet; depth, 44 feet; gross tonnage, 17,040; indicated horse-power, 27,000.

degree, but the New England passion for learning was stronger. The result was a compromise. The frugal habits of the country forbade an expenditure of money in college fees, unless the boy's taste for scholarship was marked. There were no colleges for girls, because girls were needed at home. No father would have dreamed of giving his daughter other than a domestic education preceded by a few winters at the district school or academy. Generally one son, the genius of the family, who wished to become a minister or lawyer, obtained "college privileges." The phrase meant much then, although the courses were meagre in contrast with the university courses of the present. Then it was difficult to obtain a college education; now it is difficult to escape it. Several causes have contributed to this result. First, perhaps, is the great increase of material prosperity, which has brought forth a leisure class of sons. The scientific inventions of the age are also responsible, for they have created a demand for specialists in almost every department of human industry. At the beginning of the century college training was exclusively classical. Now the preponderance of instruction is scientific. The steam-engine and the telegraph account in part for this change. The office of an American college in 1900 is to fit a man to keep pace with the material development of his country. The modern languages and the sciences aid this purpose. He can make practical and immediate use of them. The college of 1800 aimed to humanize its students as a preparation for citizenship; for the high and grave social obligations and duties of the Law and the Church, the two great guardians of public welfare—an old-fashioned aim, but not without its good effect on the destinies of the country.

Defects of education at the beginning of the century were material rather than mental. The country schoolhouses were usually of logs with earth floors. Pegs were thrust between the logs, and upon these pegs rested the boards which served

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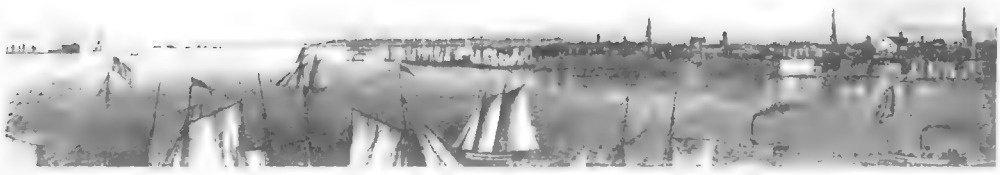

LOWER NEW YORK A CENTURY AGO.

for desks. There were no blackboards, maps, or globes. Copy-books were made of foolscap paper sewed together. As paper was scarce, the children gathered the pretty birch bark to cipher on. Each child's parents contributed a certain amount of firewood towards the heating of the schoolhouse. The child whose parents neglected this duty endured the vicarious punishment of sitting furthest from the fire.

The public-school teachers of the present day are not too well paid for their services, despite the importance attached to education, but their remuneration is princely in comparison to that received by the teachers of a century ago. Samuel Appleton, of Boston, received for his services his board, lodging, and sixty-seven cents a week; but it must be remembered that Samuel's opportunities to spend money were limited in 1800.

The isolated lives of the majority of Americans at the beginning of the century gave to all reading matter a preciousness unknown in these days, when the birth-rate of magazines and newspapers is so high. Then even the almanac was prized, and the coming of the weekly newspaper was an event to buoy one up in prospect through a hard day's work. In the best room were kept copies of Shakespeare and Milton, of the "Spectator," of Young's "Night Thoughts," with perhaps a novel of Fielding's, which was read with compunction because it was so interesting. Side by side with these eighteenth-century classics were the few productions of American writers—Dwight's or Barlow's poems, perhaps, which nobody read, or the three novels of Charles Brockden Brown. But the library was more likely to include theological works by early New England divines, such as Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. For the children there was "Robinson Crusoe," or "Pilgrim's Progress," or perhaps "Gulliver's Travels." These books were read and re-read with a zest scarcely possible to-day.

One of the most astonishing outcomes of this century is a full-grown American literature. An American literature did not exist in 1800. The Americans read the English classics, but had none of their own. Now they have Hawthorne and Longfellow, Emerson and Lowell; poets honored in Westminster Abbey, and historians who rank with the first historians of Europe. In certain forms of fiction, as the short story, Americans have obtained a preëminence rivalled only by the French writers. Since the publication of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," in 1870, the output of short stories has been great enough to mark an era in the literary history of the United States. Magazine literature was unknown at the beginning of the century. It has now been brought to a greater perfection in America than in any other country. Referring to the growth of art in the United States, a certain writer says: "Elsewhere the art feeling has undeviatingly sought expression first in earthen ware or plastic art; then in architecture or sculpture, and, finally, in painting. We have entirely reversed

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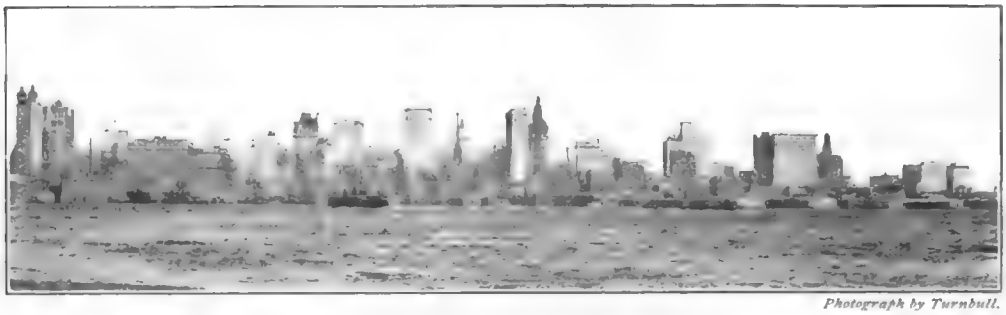

Photograph by Turnbull.

A MODERN PROFILE OF LOWER NEW YORK.

this order." This is so because the United States began well furnished with the civilization of the European world. There were painters at the beginning of the century, but the decorative arts came in when the country grew strong enough to take time to adorn itself.

Back of the social and industrial growth of the nation during this century is its political growth, a growth best indicated by a comparison of the political situations in 1800 and in 1900. At the beginning of the century Americans had just lost their greatest leader, Washington, a man produced by the times. After he had led the little nation through the war of its birthright, his chief problem was the adjustment of a new government among the other governments of the world. This does not differ radically from the chief problem of the present administration—the adjustment of a new Great Power among the other Great Powers. Washington's problem had produced, by the year 1801, two political parties—the Federalists, who favored granting power to the general government, and the Republican Democrats, who were strong on State rights and opposed to granting power to the government lest it should become monarchical in its tendencies. These issues of the campaign of 1801 are identical in essence, if not in form, with the issues of the present campaign. But conditions of life now have brought forth a thousand problems unknown to the politicians of 1800. The railroad and the telegraph have transformed the United States from an agricultural into a mercantile country, whose most vital problem is the adjustment of capital and labor. There were no campaign issues of trusts in 1800, no negro question—for the negro was a slave, not a citizen—no question of the money standard. On the other hand, questions produced by the conditions of life then have now been answered by the growth of the country itself. The admission of States to the Union—the buying or conquest of western territory—had a preëminent importance in 1800 not possible when the United States has come to the limits imposed by the Pacific Ocean on the west, Canada on the north, and Mexico on the south.

Between these two extremes is the middle period of the country's development, the greatest problem of which hung on conditions now out of existence. Through slavery the household of the nation was divided against itself—the authority of a State set over against that of the nation. The central figure of that period was Abraham Lincoln, the father of national unity from within, as Washington was the father of the outward unity of the nation. All that was American in the best sense went to the making of Lincoln. In this man the United States justified its own existence. Through his agency the slaves of the first half of the century have become citizens, from whose ranks arise statesmen like Douglass, educators like Booker T. Washington—men capable of meeting the problems of their own race.

Conditions of national development now appear more favorable than any which have existed in the course of a hundred years. Given political integrity, and no destiny could seem too marvellous for these United States.

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Moonshiner's Serenade.

The night's blind-black, an' I 'low the stars's
All skeered at that-air dog's bow-wows!
I sensed the woods-road, clumb the bars,
An' arrove here, tromplin' over cows.
The mist hangs thick enough to cut,
But there's her winder glimmerin' through
The mornin'-glories, twisted shut—
An' shorely there's her shadder, too!

Ho! hit's good-night,
My Beauty-Bright!
The moon can't match your can'le light—
Your can'le light with you cain't shine—
Lau-ree! Ladylove! tiptoe-fine!

Oomh! how them roses soaks the air!—
Thess drenched with mist an' renched with dew,
They's a smell of plums around somewhere—
An' I kin smell ripe apples, too—
Mix all them sweet things into one—
Yer roses, fruit, an' flower an' vine,
Yit I'll say, "No, I don't choose none
Ef I kin git that gal of mine!"

Ho! hit's good-night,
My Beauty-Bright!
Primp awhile an' blow out the light—
Putt me in your prayers, an' then
I'll be twic't as good-again!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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The Christmas Ghost.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

In front of Jane White's house roared and surged, beating the rocky shores with unfailing tides, the great Atlantic. The waves floating an occasional fishing vessel, were all that passed before her front windows. From gazing all her life at such stern and mighty passers, the woman's face had gotten a look of inflexible peace. Jane White looked as if she would always do her duty, but as if she would spare neither herself nor her friends, if they came in the way; as if nothing could interpose between herself and her high tide mark, not even her own happiness nor that of others.

She was not an old woman, but she seemed to have settled into that stability of old age which comes before the final greatest change of all. Her days were absolutely monotonous. She lived alone, she kept her old house in order, she made her simple garments; always on Saturdays she harnessed her old horse into the wagon, and drove to the village three miles away for groceries; on Sundays she drove as regularly to church. These simple excursions for bodily and spiritual food were all that brightened her life. There were only two houses near hers. In one of them lived a bedridden old woman, and her elderly son and daughter; in the other, David Gleason. The bedridden old woman and the son and daughter had not been on friendly terms with Jane for years, and they had not entered each other's houses. Sometimes Jane used to look down the road to the gray slant of the Rideing house rising out of the hollow, with a scowl of dissent. She could hate with vigor, in spite of the severe peace of her expression. There was a mighty grudge between them. Once the son, Thomas Rideing, had paid attention to Jane White (that was in her mother's day), and Thomas's mother and sister had interfered, and broken off the match. They had told stories as to Jane's temper and poor housekeeping, and the young man had believed them. He had ceased courting Jane, and she had known the reason. Once afterward, coming home from church, she had stopped her wagon in the narrow, sandy road, beside the Rideing team, and taxed the mother and sister with it openly. Thomas had been driving his old gray horse. His mother and sister sat one on each side of him—that was before the old woman got the hurt which laid her up for life. Jane's mother sat at her left hand, quivering with resentment. She had been a wiry little woman, with a fierce temper.

"Whoa!" said Jane to her horse. Then she spoke out her mind once for all to Sarah Rideing and her mother. "I know just what you've said about me; you needn't think I don't," said she.

"And it's all lies, every word of it," said her mother, in a panting voice.

"We've got ears, and we've heard the loud talkin' when the windows were open and the wind our way!" Sarah Rideing had replied, with a vicious click of thin lips. Sarah Rideing was pretty, with a hard, sharp prettiness.

"And we've seen the clothes on the line," said her mother. Mrs. Rideing wore a false front, and that and her bonnet were grotesquely twisted to one side.

"We ain't never had a word in our family betwixt us, and as for our clothes, I'd be ashamed to hang such lookin' things as yours be out on the line!" panted Jane's mother.

"We've got eyes and we've got ears," repeated Sarah Rideing.

"Then I should advise your mother to look in the glass when you get home, and set her wig an' her bunnit straight," said Jane's mother, unexpectedly.

"Don't, mother," whispered Jane. Then she shouted g'lang to her horse, as did Thomas Rideing to his, but Jane passed him. Thomas had not spoken a

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word during the whole; he left the talking to the women. He had sat still, with his rather clumsy, good-humored face fixed on his horse's ears. He was a little flushed; otherwise he showed no sign of agitation. "Thomas Rideing is dreadful woodeny, anyhow; you ain't missed much," Jane's mother had observed, as they sped along the sandy road. Once she looked back and saw, with that glee over petty revenge which is often seen in an old woman who has lived a narrow life, old Mrs. Rideing trying to straighten her front piece and her bonnet, which was trimmed with tall, nodding purple flowers. "She'd better talk," said she. "She'd better get on her own bunnit and wig straight before she talks about other folks not being neat."

"I most wish you hadn't said that," said Jane.

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"I wish you hadn't. It didn't have anything to do with it. It's like sticking in pins when folks have come at you with hammers."

"I hope you ain't goin' to get cracked because Thomas Rideing has jilted you," said her mother, sharply.

Jane laughed. "I ain't one of the kind to be cracked," said she. And she spoke the truth. She had taken the young man's attentions as a matter of course, very much as she had always taken the unfolding of the leaves in the spring. This was something which came to most women, and it seemed to be coming to her. When she saw that she was mistaken, she no more thought of questioning the justice of it, than she would have done if a cloud which promised rain had cleared away to fair weather, or the bush which budded last spring had failed to do so this. Matters of that kind she relegated entirely to a higher Power, and it was the easier for her to do so since Thomas Rideing was not a young man to awaken easily any girl's imagination. He was such a solid, incontrovertible fact of clumsy flesh and blood, and slowly, steadily working brain, that he could arouse only observation and acquiescence—never dreams. Jane was fully alive to the humiliation of being jilted, and wrathful as to the interference of Thomas's sister and mother, but in reality that, and the stigma cast upon her temper and her neatness, hurt her more at the time than the cessation of the young man's nightly visits. Ever afterward the clothes which flaunted from the White line shone like garments of righteousness, as, indeed, they had done before. Jane White's little domicile fairly shone with cleanliness, as did her person. Not a hair was out of place on her head; she was clean as one of the wave-washed pebbles on the beach. As for her temper, her mother died soon afterward, and there was no one for her to attack with a loud tongue, as she had been accused of doing, unless, indeed, she attacked that hard Providence in whose shaping of her destiny she believed. She was absolutely alone from one week's end to the other, since she and the Rideings never exchanged calls, and as for David Gleason, he was a single man, and many said an underwit, and he kept to himself, and never went into another house than his own, and Jane certainly could not call upon him. He was a small, fair-haired man, who had come to the place and built his little shack some ten years ago. Nobody knew from whence he came, nor anything about him. He seemed to be quiet and peaceable, and to have enough money for his simple needs, and the stigma of underwit had somehow attached itself to him from his secrecy. People argued that a man would be likely to tell something to his credit if there was anything to tell, and as nobody could imagine him to be a criminal with such a physiognomy, they concluded that he must be lacking in his intellects. He was commonly said to be love-cracked.

Sometimes Jane used to see this man going down the road, moving with a gentle shuffle and slight stoop, and wonder if he were love-cracked. Now and then she felt inclined to ask him to ride, when she passed him on the way to church—he kept no horse—but she never did. The man used to look after her, sitting up

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straight in her wagon, and disappearing between the scrubby pines of the coast country, with admiration, as any man might have done. The red coil of hair on the back of her head gleamed under her bonnet like a mat of red gold, she held her head and shoulders superbly. She was, in fact, a very handsome woman. The severe repose of her face had kept wrinkles at bay, and she had one of those rare complexions which the sea-air does not tan, and seam, and harden, but awakens to life and rosy color. People used to say that there wasn't a young girl that went to church who was any handsomer than Jane White; still, she had never had an opportunity to marry since Thomas Rideing deserted her. Everybody, in fact, believed her to be a slovenly housekeeper, and to have a bad temper. A fire of scandal is a hard thing to stamp out, and the sparks fly wide, and kindle afar.

Jane lived alone, with a sort of rigid acquiescence to the will of the Lord, and a smouldering hatred of the human instruments who had brought it to pass. In spite of her severe calm of demeanor, she had the natural weaknesses and longings of her kind. There were times, as the years went on, when she longed for Thomas Rideing to come again, as she had never longed at first. She was often afraid alone in her house, especially in the winter time. She confessed her fears to no one, hardly to herself. "What good does it do to be afraid? I know I've got to live alone, and there's no way out of it," she said. "I might as well get over it first as last." But she never was able to conquer her nervous fears. Often when the murmur of the waves on the shingle below the bank on which the house stood arose to a roar, and the winter wind was shaking the walls, this lonely human soul in the midst of it would light her candle, and peer about the house for the evil which she seemed to feel to be present; then she would extinguish her candle, and, shading her eyes, press her face close to the window, but she could see nothing except the wild drive of the storm outside. Then the saying in the Bible about the "Prince of the Powers of the Air" would come to her mind, and if she had been a Catholic she would have crossed herself. A vague fear, which was none the less terrible because it was vague, seemed to hold her as in a vise. However, Jane White's health, in spite of her sensitive nerves, was superb. She had never an ache nor ail until two days before Christmas, ten years after her mother died. Then she had a sudden attack of rheumatism, after a spell of damp, warm, unseasonable weather. It was all she could do to hobble about the house. When it came to going to the well for water, she thought at first she could never manage it. Finally she succeeded, fairly hitching herself over the ground, one step at a time. She thought of having the doctor, but she had no one to send for him, unless she could waylay some one passing. Both the Rideing and the Gleason houses were out of hailing distance, and had they not been, she would not have asked any of the dwellers therein to go for the doctor, unless it had been David Gleason. She thought that she might ask him, if she were to see him going by—he looked good-natured. But she did not see him nor any one passing that day. It was midwinter, and toward noon the snow began to fall. The lonely woman thought dejectedly that she didn't know what she was going to do. The stitch in her back was no better; she had no remedies to apply to it; she saw no likelihood of getting the doctor. It was much as ever she could do to keep up her fire and make herself a cup of tea at night-fall. A sense of utter loneliness, which was fairly desolation, smote her as she sat alone that evening. She heard the wind roar and the waves break, and the dash of the sleet on the window. She seemed to herself loneliness personified—one little human spark in the midst of an infinity of space and storm. At nine o'clock she went to bed. She slept upstairs. She had left the little bedroom on the first floor since her mother died. Her chamber was icy cold. She had heated a soapstone, and she rolled herself in an old flannel blanket, and clambered into bed with groans of pain.

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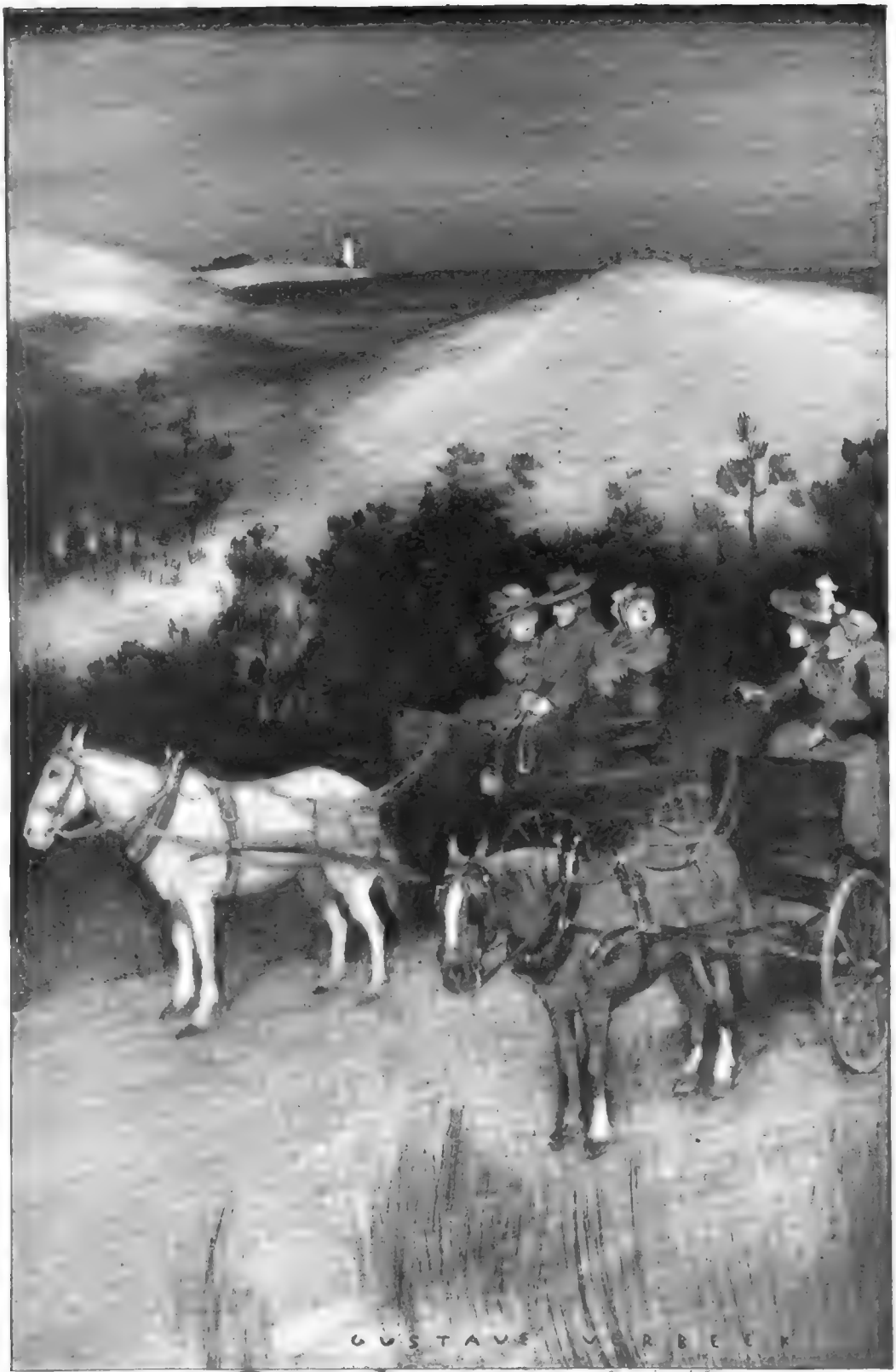

"I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'VE SAID ABOUT ME; YOU NEEDN'T THINK I DON'T," SAID SHE.

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It was a long time before she went to sleep; then she slept soundly for a few hours. It was perhaps four o'clock when she awoke with a shock of deadly terror. She *knew* some one was in the house. She was no longer *suspicious* that some one was in the house; this time she *knew*. The storm was still howling outside. She could hear the constant surge of the ocean, and the small drive of the sleet on the window. The room was absolutely dark; it must be still far from the winter dawn. She was *sure* that there was some one in the house.

She reached out for the matches which she always kept on the table beside her bed, and, as she did so, a cramp of pain seized her from the rheumatism. She nearly screamed, and the matches were gone. She usually moved them from the mantel-shelf when she went to bed, but she must have omitted to do so—it had been so difficult for her to get about the night before. Jane endeavored to rise. She thought she would grope her way across the room to the shelf and get the matches, but the pain in her back was so great that she dare not make the attempt. She said to herself, What if she should fall and break a bone out there in the dark? It seemed to her that she was safer in the bed. So she lay still, listening fearfully. She became more and more convinced that there was somebody in the house. She heard movements, soft and guarded, but plainly evident to a sharp ear, below. Once or twice she was sure that she heard a door open and shut. Later on she heard the pump out in the yard, which had a peculiar creak. She lay bathed in a cold sweat of terror, expecting every moment to hear steps on the stairs; and presently the first cold glimmer of dawn was in the room, and she heard a door shut below—then she heard nothing more. Everything was still.

It was late before Jane succeeded in dragging herself up, with groans and frequent pauses, and getting dressed and down stairs. She felt convinced that the visitor, whoever he was, had gone; but she thought of her mother's silver teaspoons, and the clock, and a gold watch which had belonged to her father and would not go, but was still an impressive gold watch, and very dear to her, and she thought of her table linen, and everything which was of any value; for she had no doubt then that the visitor was a thief.

But when she reached the kitchen, moving by slow and painful stages, she gasped, and stared, and stared again. A bright fire was burning in the stove (she had wondered if she could, by any possibility, make a fire with those pains like screwing knives in her back and shoulders), and the table was laid for breakfast, and the room was full of the aroma of coffee, for the pot was on the stove, and a pan of something covered with a towel stood on the back, and when she took off the towel fearfully, there were fresh biscuits. Then a nice little bit of beefsteak was in the frying-pan, all ready to cook, and the teakettle was full of hot water, and the waterpail in the sink was full. Outside the storm was still raging, but the kitchen seemed like a little oasis of warmth and comfort in the midst of it. Even the geraniums in the south window had been watered. She heard the cat mew, and opened the cellar door. The cat had been out when she went to bed, for she had called her in vain. Somebody had let the cat in and put her down cellar, lest she steal the beefsteak.

"Who let you in?" said Jane feebly to the cat.

She looked at the beefsteak and at the biscuits doubtfully, as if they might be fairy food, and have some uncanny property of harm. "I was out of meat, and to-day's Saturday, and I couldn't have got down to the store," said she; "and I didn't have a mite of bread mixed, and I don't know how I could have done it."

Finally Jane White cooked the beefsteak, poured out a cup of coffee, and ate her breakfast, though it was still with an unreasoning terror. It seemed a kindly deed, and yet it was so unexplained that it struck her with all the horror of the unusual. She ate suspiciously, almost as if she thought the food were poisoned.

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When she crept into the pantry to put away the dishes, she had another surprise, for she found on the shelf a little roasting piece, two pies, two loaves of bread, a piece of squash cut ready to boil, and some washed potatoes.

Jane looked at them, white as ashes. "My land!" said she. She staggered back to the warm kitchen, sat down, and reflected. She tried to think who could have done it, but she was entirely at a loss. For a moment she had a wild idea of Thomas Rideing and his old love for her, then she dismissed it. "He'd never get round to it," she said to herself. Then she thought of David Gleason, to dismiss that more peremptorily than the other. "There ain't anybody in creation who would do anything like this for me, and what's more, there wasn't anybody knew I had the rheumatism and couldn't do it myself," she argued.

She gave it up. She roasted her meat, and cooked the squash and potato, and remained alone all day. The storm continued until sunset. Then, when the west was a clear, pale gold, the flakes stopped falling, and the earth looked like a white ocean frozen suddenly in the midst of a tumult of rage. As for the real ocean, she could hear the boom of that louder than ever, for its fury does not subside so quickly as that of the earth. It cleared off very cold. Jane heaped her stove with wood when she went to bed (she burned wood from her own woodland), but she feared it would not last until morning, and she feared that she could not get downstairs to replenish it. As night came on her rheumatism was worse, and then her fears arose to such a pitch that, had it not been for the cold and her illness, she would actually have gone over to the Rideings. She went to bed, and lay quaking with sheer terror for some time. At last all was still and she fell asleep, to awaken as she had done the night before, at the sounds below. This time her matches were in reach. She struck one and lighted a candle. Then she pulled up the blanket with painful efforts, and wrapped it around her; then she crept out of bed. Along with the woman's timidity was a spirit of investigation. Had she been a man she would have been afraid enough to make an excellent soldier. The battle would have been, for her, the only method of ridding herself of her panic. She could never have borne to cower behind breastworks.

She crawled down stairs, feeling as if she were a stiff lay figure instead of herself. She planted her feet rigidly as if they were wood; every step was agony, but she kept on. At that moment she was more terrified, if anything, to confront the stranger—because he had conferred benefits upon her—than if he had worked her harm. It would not have seemed so uncanny. In spite of her religious training the thought of the supernatural was strong in the woman's mind. She thought of her mother, of her father—how they would have felt to know she was all alone, sick with rheumatism in the winter storm, and God knew what she thought next.

When she opened the kitchen door her face was ghastly, peering over her candle. The kitchen was lighted; the fire burning; she smelled coffee; it was later than she had thought—five o'clock in the morning. She had only a vision of a figure swiftly moving out of sight into the pantry. Then she sprang, with a stab of pain, to the pantry door, and shot the bolt. She had a bolt on the pantry door, because the pantry window had no fastening; but she had never used it. After she fastened it she heard the person whom she had locked in trying to open that window, and said to herself grimly that he could not do it. That north window must be frozen down so hard that it would be impossible to stir it without hot water. The man, whoever he was—she was sure it was a man, there had been no flirt of feminine skirts on that flying figure—must have come in through the cellar. The bulkhead had never had a lock, for Jane and her mother, reasoning with the innocent fatuity of some women, had always said, "Nobody will ever think of coming through the cellar."

The person whom Jane had locked into

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the pantry did not pound or try to get out. Finally she took the carving-knife from the table—he had been slicing some sausage for her breakfast, apparently—and she went to the pantry door, and leaned her head toward it, curving her body at a careful distance. "Who be you?" said she.

There was no response.

Then she spoke again: "Who be you?"

"A well wisher," came in a feeble voice from the pantry.

Then a cold shiver ran again over the woman. Again the supernatural terror reasserted itself. It was much more alarming that a well wisher should come to her house, and do these kindly deeds for her on this wicked earth the night before Christmas—she remembered with an additional shiver that Christmas Day was dawning—than a burglar. She went over to the kitchen door, and stood there, all ready to run should the person in the pantry make a motion to escape. She kept her eyes riveted on the pantry door. She made up her mind that as soon as it was light enough she would go for the Rideings, no matter how they had treated her in times gone by. It seemed to her that the full day would never come; but at last the light broadened and deepened over the blue hollows and white crests of snow, and then she saw that a nice path was dug from her door to the well. "My land!" said she. She took a shawl off the peg, wrapped it around her, putting one corner over her head; succeeded, after many painful efforts, in getting into her rubbers, and was about to set out when she caught a glimpse of a man's figure going down the road. It was David Gleason going for his milk, which he got from a farmhouse two miles toward the village.

Jane crept out in the yard a little way and called. He heard her, and came shuffling toward her in a light spray of snow.

He had a mild, pleasant face; but Jane, after the prevalent report as to the state of his intellects, felt a little afraid to ask him into the house. "You go to the Rideings, and ask Sarah and Thomas to come right over here as fast as they can," said she. She was almost crying. David Gleason looked at her anxiously. "Anything the trouble, anything I can do?" he began, but she interrupted him. "Go as quick as you can," said she. She was almost hysterical.

It seemed to her an age before she saw David Gleason plod into the Rideing house, and presently he and Sarah, not Thomas, emerge. "Where in the world is Thomas?" she thought. "What good can a woman do?" She was glad to see Gleason returning with Sarah. She thought she would not be afraid of Gleason if Sarah were with him, and nobody knew what was in the pantry.

Jane met them at the door. Suddenly her rheumatism seemed better; she moved quite easily.

Sarah Rideing looked at her half alarmed, half indignant. "What is the matter, Jane White?" said she.

"There's something in the house," replied Jane in an awful voice, and the other woman turned pale.

"What do you mean?"

"There's something in the house. It came last night and made up the fire, and got breakfast, and got the water, and brought roast meat, and bread, and it came again to-night, and I came down and I locked it into the pantry."

"Did you see it?" asked Sarah, quivering. She grasped Jane's arm hard.

The two old enemies fairly clung together, drawn by mutual terror.

But David Gleason went close to the pantry door.

"It wasn't a woman, I know that," gasped Jane.

"Who's in there?" cried David Gleason.

There was no reply.

"It told me once it was a well wisher," said Jane, and Sarah Rideing trembled like a leaf. The reply struck her much as it had done Jane. Well wishers abroad in the deadly cold of a winter morning might well arouse terror.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I wish

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"THOMAS RIDDINE, WHAT BE YOU DOING HERE?" DEMANDED SHE.

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Thomas was here," cried Sarah. "I couldn't find him nowheres. I don't know but something has got *him*. Oh, dear!"

"Who's in there?" demanded David Gleason. He had a firm voice for such a small, slight man.

"He ain't any more half-witted than I be," thought Sarah Rideing.

Then the voice replied again, but with a trifle more emphasis, "A well wisher." Both women started.

"It's Thomas," cried Sarah Rideing. Then she flew to the pantry door and unbolted it. "Thomas Rideing, what be you doin' here?" she demanded. "Be you gone crazy?"

Thomas Rideing, emerging from the cold, blue depths of the frozen pantry, looked at once shamefaced and self-assertive. "You needn't say a word, Sarah," said he. "I saw her having such hard work to get out to the well yesterday mornin', and I knew she'd got the rheumatism, and when the storm begun, and I thought of her all alone over here, I couldn't stan' it, an'," he went on, his voice gathering firmness in spite of an agitation which made him tremble from head to foot, "I—I know it was all a lie you and mother told about her not bein' a good housekeeper. There it was neat as wax here, and she laid up with rheumatism, too, and as for her temper, anybody that can get around at all with the rheumatism, and not say anything to be sorry for, hasn't got much temper, and—I wouldn't have minded one mite if she had."

"I should think you'd gone crazy," said Sarah scornfully, and yet her voice softened.

Thomas looked pitifully at Jane. "It don't seem as if I could stan' havin' you live here alone any longer," he said brokenly, as if his unhappiness over her loneliness were the only thing to be considered. It was the refinement of masculine selfishness, but Jane liked it.

"I didn't know you thought so much of me, Thomas," said she; then her face flamed.

"Well, I haven't got anything to say; you must suit yourself," Sarah said, still in that softened voice; then she and Gleason went out.

Thomas Rideing approached Jane, and put his arm around her. "Ain't you been afraid here all alone?" said he.

"Yes, I have; but I didn't suppose you cared."

"I did," said he. "There's no use in rakin' up bygones, but I know I've treated you mean."

"Yes, you have," admitted Jane impartially, but her eyes upon his face were tender.

"It wasn't so much because I was afraid you were a bad housekeeper, and bad-tempered, I didn't believe it; and I wouldn't have minded if you had been, but I backed out because mother and Sarah felt so. I guess mother will feel different now, but I can't help it if she don't. As for Sarah, I can't help it either. You ain't goin' to be left alone here any longer. How's your rheumatism, Jane?"

"I guess it's better; I haven't thought of it," replied Jane.

Then the outer door opened suddenly, and Sarah Rideing looked in. David Gleason's face showed over her shoulder. "Wish you a merry Christmas!" said Sarah. Her thin, pretty face was quite transformed by a sudden triumph of the best within her. The man behind her beamed with friendliness toward these people who were nothing to him.

It was suddenly borne in upon the consciousness of Jane White that love and kindness were not such strangers upon the earth as she had thought.

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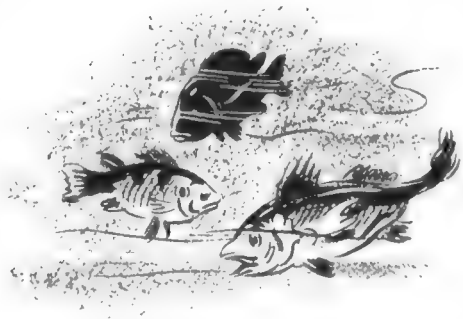
The Fisherman who Caught a Bear.

By Charles Major,

Author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY BAKER-BAKER.

EIGHTY years ago Indiana was a frontier State, and settlers were coming in, taking up the unoccupied public land, and building log huts for themselves and their families. One of these pioneers, named Balser Brent, had a farm on the east bank of the Big Blue River. The forest was all around; deer, wildcats, and bears, besides swarms of smaller game, were every-day matters, and Mr. Brent's son, who was also named Balser, had had many experiences with "varmints"—which had only made him long to kill a bear.



". . . SUN-FISH AND RED-EYES, AND NOW AND THEN A BASS. . . ."

One day Mrs. Brent took down the dinner-horn and blew upon it two strong blasts. This was a signal that Little Balser, who was helping his father down in the clearing, should come to the house. When he reached the house his mother said:

"Balser, go up to the drift and catch a mess of fish for dinner. Your father is tired of deer meat three times a day, and I know he would like a nice dish of fried red-eyes at noon."

"All right, mother," said Balser. And he immediately got down his fishing-pole and line, and took the spade to dig bait. When he had collected a small gourdful of angle-worms his mother called to him:

"You had better take a gun; you may meet a bear. Your father loaded the gun this morning, and you must be careful in handling it."

Balser took the gun, which was a heavy rifle considerably longer than himself, and started up the river toward

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A WILDCAT ALMOST AS BIG AS A COW.

the drift, perhaps a quarter of a mile away.

There had been rain during the night, and the ground near the drift was soft.

Here Little Balser noticed fresh bear-tracks, and his breath began to come quickly. You may be sure he peered closely into every dark thicket, and looked behind all the large trees and logs, and had his eyes wide open lest perchance "Mr. Bear" should step out and surprise him with an affectionate hug, and thereby put an end to Little Balser forever.

So he walked on cautiously, and, if the truth must be told, somewhat tremblingly, until he reached the drift.

Balser was but a little fellow, yet the stern necessities of a settler's life had compelled his father to teach him the use of a gun; and although Balser had never killed a bear, he had shot several deer, and upon one occasion had killed a wildcat "almost as big as a cow," he said.

I have no doubt the wildcat seemed "almost as big as a cow" to Balser when he killed it, for it must have frightened him greatly, as wildcats were sometimes dangerous animals for children to encounter. Although Balser had never met a bear face to face and alone, yet he felt, and many a time had said, that there wasn't a bear in the world big enough to frighten him, if he but had his gun.

He had often imagined and minutely detailed to his parents and little brother just what he would do if he should meet a bear. He would wait calmly and quietly until his bearship should come within a few yards of him, and then slowly lift his gun. Bang! and Mr. Bear would be dead with a bullet in his heart.

But when he saw the fresh bear-tracks, and began to realize that he would probably have an opportunity to put his theories about bear killing into practice, he began to wonder if, after all, he would become frightened and miss his aim. Then

LITTLE BALSER NOTICED FRESH BEAR-TRACKS, AND HIS BREATH BEGAN TO COME QUICKLY.

he thought of how the bear, in that case, would be calm and deliberate, and would put *his* theories into practice by walking very politely up to him, and making a very satisfactory dinner of a certain boy whom he could name. But as he walked on and no bear appeared, his courage grew stronger as the prospect of meeting the enemy grew less, and he again began saying to himself that no bear could frighten him, because he had his gun and he could and would kill it.

So Balser reached the drift; and, having looked carefully about him, leaned his gun

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IMAGINE HIS CONSTERNATION WHEN HE SAW UPON THE BANK, QUIETLY WATCHING HIM, A HUGE, BLACK BEAR.

against a tree, unwound his fishing-line from the pole, and walked out to the end of a log which extended into the river some twenty or thirty feet.

Here he threw his line, and soon was so busily engaged drawing out sun-fish and red-eyes, and now and then a bass which was hungry enough to bite at a worm, that all thought of the bear went out of his mind.

After he had caught enough fish for a sumptuous dinner he bethought him of going home, and as he turned toward the shore, imagine, if you can, his consternation when he saw upon the bank, quietly watching him, a huge, black bear.

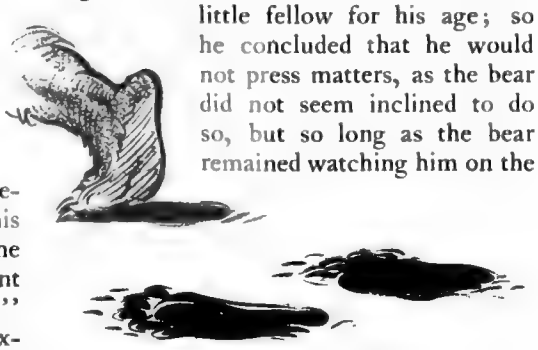
If the wildcat had seemed large as a cow to Balser, of what size do you suppose that bear appeared? A cow! An elephant, surely, was small compared with the huge, black fellow standing upon the bank.

It is true Balser had never seen an elephant, but his father had, and so had his friend Tom Fox, who lived down the river; and they all agreed that an elephant was "purty nigh as big as all out-doors."

The bear had a peculiar, determined expression about him that seemed to say

"That boy can't get away; he's out on the log where the water is deep, and if he jumps into the river I can easily jump in after him and catch him before he can swim a dozen strokes. He'll *have* to come off the log in a short time, and then I'll proceed to devour him."

About the same train of thought had also been rapidly passing through Balser's mind. His gun was on the bank where he had left it, and in order to reach it he would have to pass the bear. He dared not jump into the water, for any attempt to escape on his part would bring the bear upon him instantly. He was very much frightened, but, after all, was a cool-headed little fellow for his age; so he concluded that he would not press matters, as the bear did not seem inclined to do so, but so long as the bear remained watching him on the



"FRESH BEAR-TRACKS."

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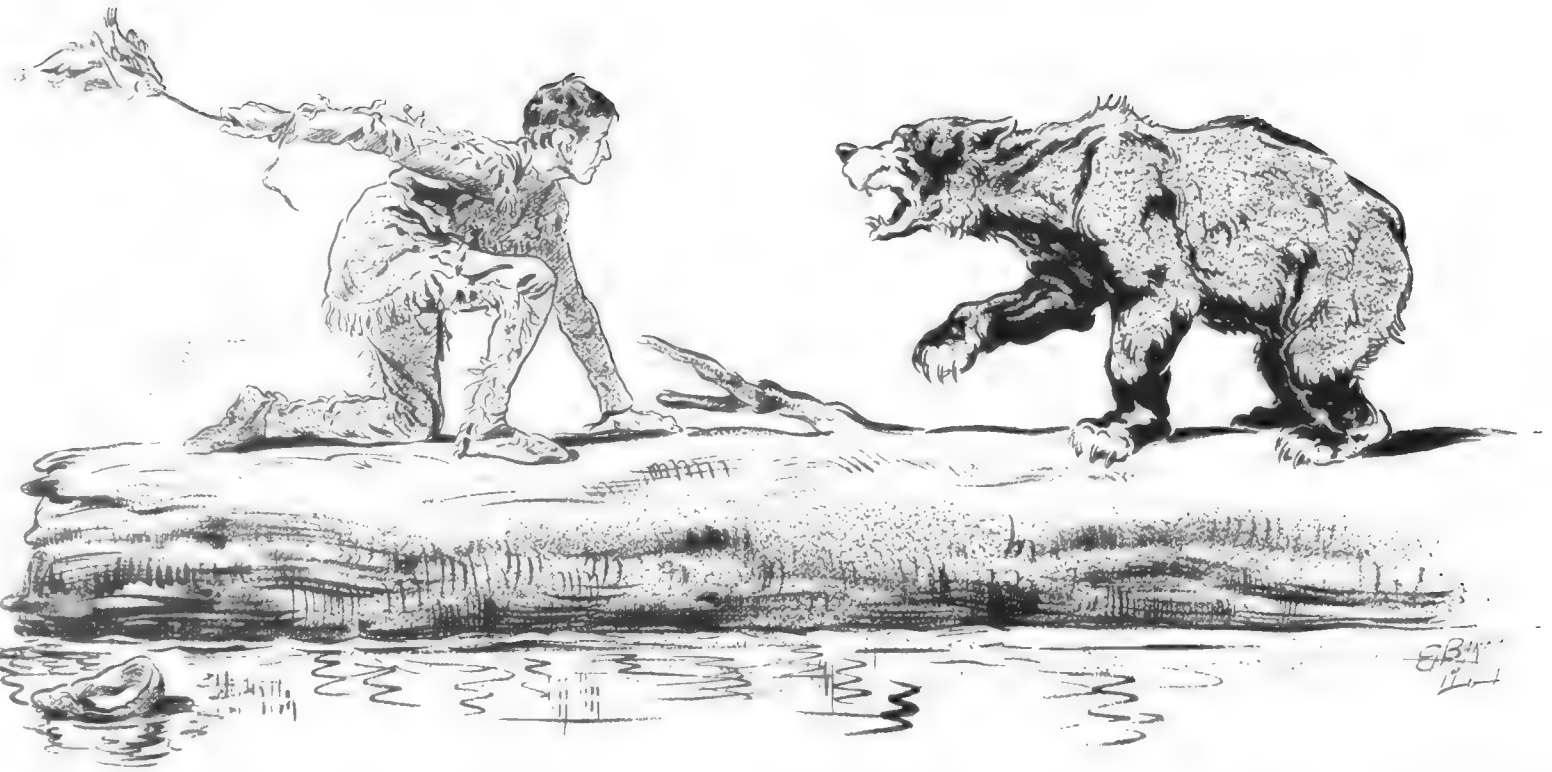

WHEN THE BEAR GOT WITHIN A FEW FEET OF BALSER . . . THE BOY GREW DESPERATE WITH FEAR, AND STRUCK AT THE BEAST WITH THE ONLY WEAPON HE HAD—HIS STRING OF FISH.

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bank would stay upon the log where he was, and allow the enemy to eye him to his heart's content.

There they stood, the boy and the bear, each eying the other as though they were the best of friends, and would like to eat each other, which, in fact, was literally true.

Time sped very slowly for one of them, you may be sure; and it seemed to Balser that he had been standing almost an age in the middle of Blue River, on that wretched, shaking log, when he heard his mother's dinner-horn reminding him that it was time to go home.

Balser quite agreed with his mother, and gladly would he have gone, I need not tell you; but there stood the bear, patient, determined, and fierce; and little Balser soon was convinced in his own mind that his time had come to die.

He hoped that when his father should come home to dinner and find him still absent, he would come up the river in search of him, and frighten away the bear. Hardly had this hope sprung up in his mind when it seemed that the same thought had also occurred to the bear, for he began to move toward the shore end of the log upon which Balser was standing.

THE BEAR HAD A PECULIAR, DETERMINED EXPRESSION ABOUT HIM.

Slowly came the bear, until he reached the end of the log, which for a moment he examined suspiciously, and then, to Balser's great alarm, cautiously stepped out upon it and began to walk toward him.

Balser thought of the folks at home, and, above all, of his baby sister; and when he felt that he should never see them again, and that they would in all probability never know his fate, he began to grow heavy-hearted, and was almost paralyzed with fear.

On came the bear, putting one great paw in front of the other, and watching Balser intently with his little black eyes. His tongue hung out, and his great red mouth was open to its widest, showing the sharp, long, glittering teeth that would soon be feasting on a first-class boy dinner.

When the bear got within a few feet of Balser—so close he could almost feel the animal's hot breath as he slowly approached—the boy grew desperate with fear, and struck at the bear with the only weapon he had—his string of fish.

Now bears love fish and blackberries above all other food; so when Balser's string of fish struck the bear in the mouth, he grabbed at them, and in doing so lost his foothold on the slippery log and fell into the water with a great splash and plunge.

This was Balser's chance for life, so he flung the fish to the bear, and waded for the bank with a speed worthy of the cause.

When he reached the bank his self-confidence returned, and he remembered all the things he had said he would do if he should meet a bear.

The bear had caught the fish, and again had climbed upon the log, where he was deliberately devouring them.

This was Little Balser's chance for death to the bear. Quickly snatching the gun, he rested it in the fork of a small tree nearby, took deliberate aim at the bear, which was not five yards away, and shot him through the heart. The bear dropped into the water, dead, and floated down stream a little way, where he lodged at a ripple a short distance below.

Balser, after he had killed the bear, became more frightened than he had been at any time during the adventure, and ran home screaming. That afternoon his father went to the scene of battle and took the bear out of the water. It was very

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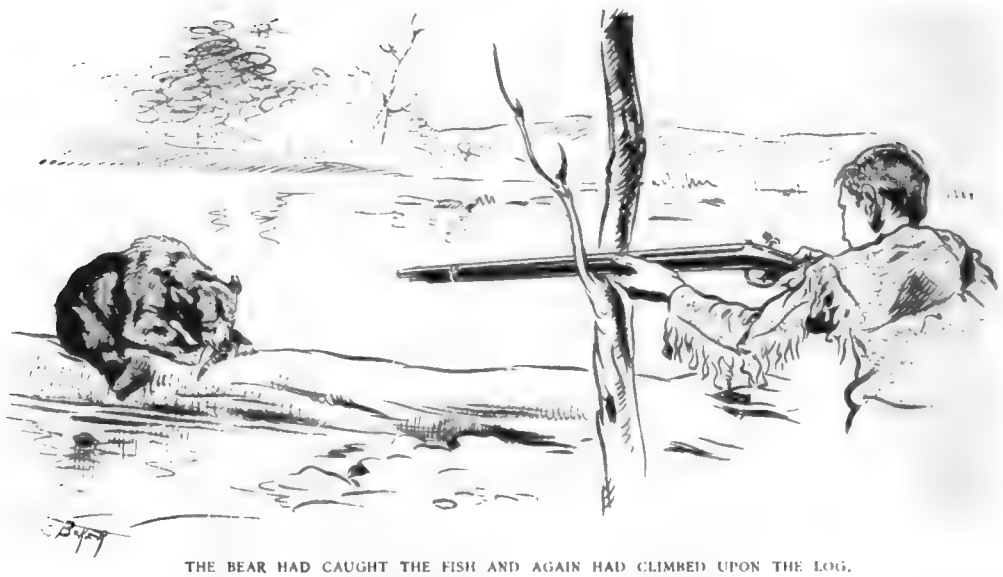

THE BEAR HAD CAUGHT THE FISH AND AGAIN HAD CLIMBED UPON THE LOG.

fat and large, and weighed, so Mr. Brent said, over six hundred pounds.

Balser was firmly of the opinion that he himself was also very fat and large, and weighed at least as much as the bear. He was certainly entitled to feel "big"; for he had got himself out of an ugly scrape in a brave, manly, and cool-headed manner, and had achieved a victory of which a *man* might have been proud.

The news of Balser's adventure soon spread among the neighbors, and he became quite a hero; for the bear was one of the largest that had ever been seen in that neighborhood, and besides the gallons of rich bear oil it yielded, there were three or four hundred pounds of bear meat; and no other food is more strengthening for winter diet.

There was also the soft, frowzy skin, which Balser's mother tanned, and with it made a coverlid for Balser's bed, under which he and his little brother lay many a cold night, cosy and "snug as a bug in a rug," and dreaming of woods that swarmed with monstrous bears.

Nocturn.

By Howard Weeden,

Author of "Bandanna Ballads."

WHEN de weary day in de fields is done,
An' you plods todes home at night,
De light dat you sees in your cabin-door
Is sweet as a heabenly sight.

An' it glows through de glimmerin' purple dusk
Wid a light dat is tender an' true,
When you know dat it's busy cookin' for you
A handsome 'possum-stew!

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Ten Months in the "Monitor."

By Her Navigating Officer.

The Story of the Journey to Hampton Roads and the Loss of the Vessel.

FOR the better part of two decades the "Monitor," in her low-lying grave, has been washed by the waves that beat upon Cape Hatteras; but her name and fame still linger in the minds of men. Only two of the men who volunteered to officer the Union ironclad now survive. One of these is Louis N. Stodder, an erect, clear-eyed, white-haired man of sixty, who for many years has held the rank of Captain in the Revenue Cutter Service, with station in New York. Captain Stodder was one of the first to respond when volunteers were called for to officer and man the vessel designed by John Ericsson to cope with the "Merrimac." Made navigating officer of the "Monitor," he held that post from the day she made her trial trip in New York Harbor till the night she sank off Cape Hatteras. The following complete record of this epoch-making vessel has been revised by Captain Stodder.

BUILT in a hundred days, it was on March 6, 1862, that the "Monitor," towed by the "Seth Low," and convoyed by the "Sachem" and the "Currituck," left New York with orders to proceed to Hampton Roads, then menaced by the "Merrimac." It has always seemed to me that a beneficent Providence timed her departure. Ten days before she had put to sea (intending, as it was confidently believed by her officers and crew, to proceed to Washington by way of Hampton Roads and the Chesakeake), but an accident befell her steering gear and she was compelled to return to New York. Had she been able to proceed on her voyage she would probably have been at Washington when the "Merrimac" appeared in Hampton Roads, and a meeting between them would have been impossible, at least before the "Merrimac" had had ample time to complete the destruction of the Federal fleet lying in the Roads.

The voyage from New York, which began on the morning of March 6th, was in many ways a trying one. On the second day out a breeze sprang up, and the "Monitor" at once began to act badly. The waves raised by the wind broke over her deck and beat against her turret, the only prominent portion of the vessel out of the water.

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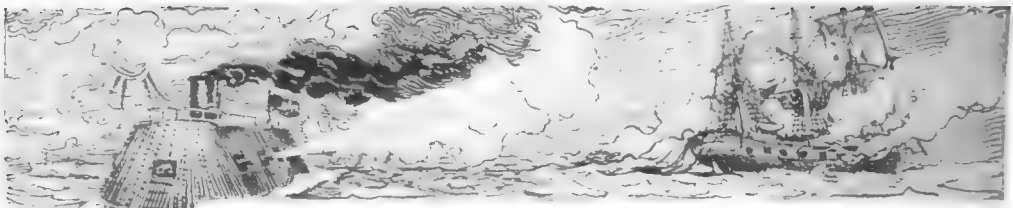

On one occasion several of the officers and crew had a dangerously narrow escape from death. The waves, breaking over the blower-pipes, poured through in such quantities as to dampen the belts of the blower-engine, so that they finally slipped and broke, after which the engines, lacking artificial draught, refused to work. Newton, the chief engineer, dashed into the engine and fire rooms to repair the damage. He failed, however, to check the inflowing water, and overcome by the escaping gas, which filled the rooms, fell insensible to the floor, whence he was dragged, in a half-dying condition, to the top of the turret, where the air and the smell of the sea slowly, yet surely, revived him.

Meanwhile, the water continued to pour with undiminished force through the hawser-hole and down the blower-pipes—threatening even the life of the ship. The half-quenched fires in the furnaces made it impossible to work the steam-pumps. Accordingly, the hand-pumps were rigged and manned, but did not develop force enough to throw the water out through the top of the turret, and the "Monitor" was nearer to foundering than ever, when toward sunset the wind went down and the sea became smooth again. After this, the fires, which had been burning low, were relighted, and the engines once more put in operation. The remainder of the voyage was without incident, save that during the following night, while we were passing over a stretch of rough water, the wire wheel-ropes parted and for a time all hands were busy in steering, hauling on the ropes by hand, and getting them repaired.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, March 8th, when the "Monitor" was off Cape Henry, we heard the distant booming of heavy guns. At first, Lieutenant Worden and the rest thought that the sound came from the artillery at Fortress Monroe, but soon a pilot came aboard, and said that the "Merrimac" had begun her work in Hampton Roads. Immediately our commander ordered the "Monitor" stripped of her sea rig, the turret keyed up, and the practice at the guns begun forthwith, preparatory to the work which we now knew awaited us on the morrow, and whose importance was made all the clearer when we arrived off Fortress Monroe at nine o'clock that night.

The "Merrimac" had made her appearance in Hampton Roads

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nine hours before. Five Union vessels were then lying in the Roads—the "Cumberland" and "Congress" at Newport News, and the "Minnesota," "Roanoke," and "St. Lawrence" off Fortress Monroe. The "Merrimac" came to destroy, and she lost no time in setting about her task. First she rammed the "Cumberland," which presently sank, and then, settling down beside the "Congress," shot her through and through. The latter made a brave but unavailing fight, and at the end of an hour was compelled to surrender. Later she was fired by the "Merrimac's" shells and burned to the water's edge. Meantime the "Roanoke," "St. Lawrence," and "Minnesota" had started to help their consorts. The first two grounded far down the channel, and were out of the fight. The "Minnesota" also grounded, but in position to fight. She was at the mercy of the "Merrimac," and could have been despatched by sun-down. But the Confederate commander determined to complete his easy job at leisure and retired to Norfolk for the night. He had lost only twenty men and a couple of guns.

Such was the condition of affairs when the "Monitor" arrived off Fortress Monroe on the night of March 8th, lighted on the way in from sea by the flames from the burning "Congress." Sunday, March 9th, dawned clear and cloudless. Soon after seven o'clock the "Merrimac" was reported coming down from Norfolk, and instantly all was life on the "Monitor." The iron hatches were closed, dead-light covers put on, and every obstruction removed from the main deck, so as to present a smooth surface, only twelve inches above the water, unbroken save by the turret and pilot-house. These preparations concluded, the officers and men took their stations for the coming battle. Lieutenant Worden directed operations from the pilot-house, a wrought-iron structure situated well forward near the bow and projecting four feet above the deck, whence a speaking-tube ran to the turret in the centre of the vessel. By Lieutenant Worden's side was Howard, the pilot who steered the "Monitor" during the engagement.

Lieutenant Greene commanded in the turret, where I also was stationed, with charge of the machinery which controlled the revolving of the turret, and with Stimers as a volunteer assistant. Each of the two guns in the turret was manned by a crew of eight men.

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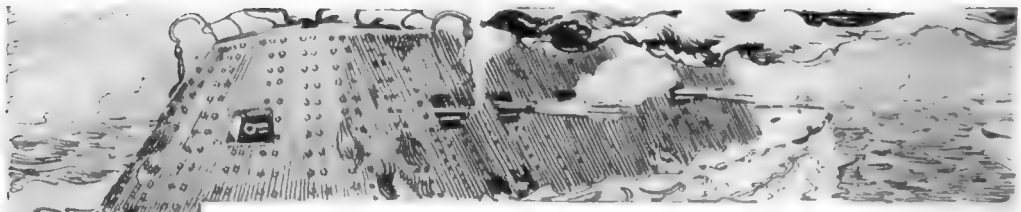
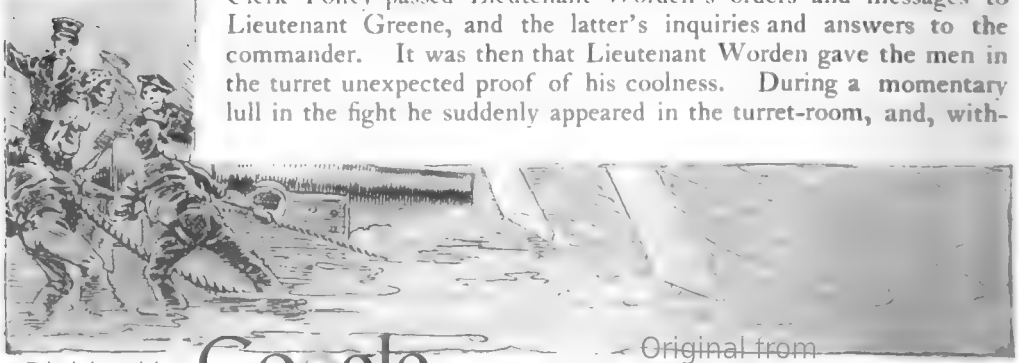


As the "Merrimac" came down from Sewall's Point, followed by the "Jamestown," "Yorktown," and the tug "Teaser," the "Monitor" got under way, and headed straight for her, it being Lieutenant Worden's aim to meet and engage her as far as possible from the stranded and helpless "Minnesota." The fight began with a broadside from the "Merrimac" directed at the "Minnesota." The "Monitor" did not return her fire, but steamed ahead until within close range, when she sent a shot into the "Jamestown." The latter and her two wooden consorts at once retreated. Then Lieutenant Worden, changing the course of the "Monitor" by a manœuvre as quick as it was skilful, brought her alongside of the "Merrimac," stopped the engines, and again gave the order to fire. The "Merrimac" answered with another broadside from her ten guns. The fight had begun in earnest.

After the first shock of combat had passed, and it was found that the shots from the "Merrimac" had failed to penetrate our armor, and that the revolving machinery of the turret was uninjured, all on board the "Monitor" took heart. We had been confident from the first that our vessel could do good service in quiet waters. We now knew that we were a match for the "Merrimac," and all doubt as to the issue of the conflict disappeared. Following the first exchange of shots, the fighting went on at close quarters. Often the distance between the two vessels was not more than a few yards. Once, when they were almost touching each other, Lieutenant Greene ordered a gun sighted at the "Merrimac's" water-line. The shot struck exactly where it was intended it should, and apparently penetrated the ship. "Splendid. Splendid, sir," exclaimed Lieutenant Worden through his speaking-tube. "A few more like that and the day is ours. You made the iron fly."

The speaking-tube from the turret to the pilot-house broke down early in the action, and thereafter Paymaster Keeler and Captain's Clerk Toffey passed Lieutenant Worden's orders and messages to Lieutenant Greene, and the latter's inquiries and answers to the commander. It was then that Lieutenant Worden gave the men in the turret unexpected proof of his coolness. During a momentary lull in the fight he suddenly appeared in the turret-room, and, with-



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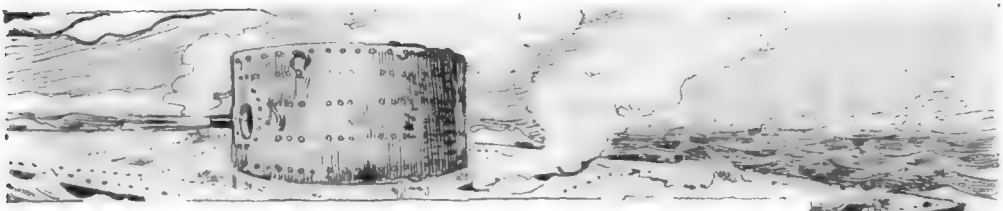

out speaking to any one, stepped through the porthole to the deck outside—in full view of the enemy.

"Why, Captain, what's the trouble?" we all exclaimed, astonished at his act.

"I can't see well enough from the pilot-house," was the reply, "and I wanted to get out here for a moment to take in the whole situation." Then, with another quick glance about him, he came inside.

Lieutenant Worden's action was not without reason, for by this time a thick cloud of smoke enveloped both vessels. Indeed, the duel between the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" was fought amid a veritable rainstorm of iron, and to a thunderous accompaniment from all the batteries around Hampton Roads and from the Confederate warships "Jamestown" and "Yorktown," which now lay at a safe distance to the south. The Confederate batteries at Sewall's Point, Craney Island, Big Point, and Barrel Point all hurled solid shot at long range at the "Monitor"; Fortress Monroe, the Federal batteries on the Rip Raps and at Newport News Point, and the "Minnesota," aground near by, kept up a continual firing at the "Merrimac," while a mile away, off Newport News, the smoke of the smouldering "Congress" added to the dense clouds which made the bright day dark.

The fight went on for hours. A shot from the "Merrimac," weighing 100 pounds, striking the turret of the "Monitor," would produce a concussion which occasionally knocked the men down, but caused no other injury, while the "Merrimac" signally failed to run us down. Again and again she tried to ram the "Monitor," but each time Lieutenant Worden, by the skilful use of the helm, avoided receiving a direct blow.

Soon after noon a shot fired at close range from one of the "Merrimac's" guns struck the pilot-house of the "Monitor," shattered one log, and lifted the cover of the pilot-house. Lieutenant Worden was knocked down, stunned, and utterly blinded by the powder which filled his eyes. The daylight through the opening made him think the pilot-house had been destroyed, and he accordingly ordered Howard to put the helm to starboard and sheer off. At the same time he sent for Lieutenant Greene, who, leaving Stimers in charge of the

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turret, at once responded, and was directed to take command of the ship. He did not do so, however, until he had helped to lead Worden to a sofa in his cabin, where he was cared for by Doctor Logue. Then Lieutenant Greene took his station in the pilot-house, and, making a hasty examination, found the steering-gear still intact.

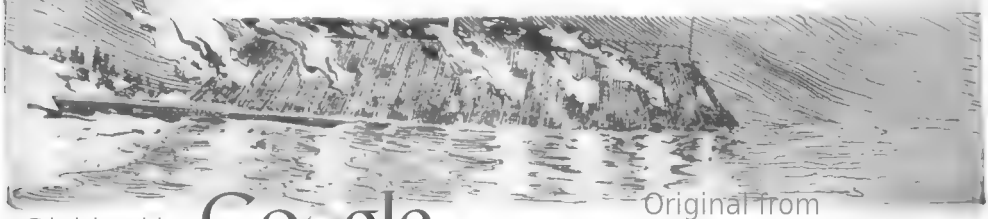
Meantime, however, the "Monitor" had followed Worden's last orders, and left the scene of battle. When Lieutenant Greene turned her back, perhaps twenty minutes after the shell struck the pilot-house, and again headed her in the direction of the "Merrimac," he found that the latter was already in retreat.

The day of the evacuation of Norfolk and the burning of the "Merrimac," on May 12, 1862, the "Monitor" led the vessels that steamed up the Elizabeth in the wake of the retiring Confederates. Later she went up the James with the flotilla under the command of Captain Rodgers, in connection with McClellan's advance upon Richmond by way of the Peninsula, taking part, while thus employed, in the attack upon Fort Darling. From this time until McClellan's retreat from the Peninsula she was employed in patrolling the James River. Then she went to Washington for repairs, returning late in November to Hampton Roads.

On the afternoon of December 29th, the "Monitor" left the Roads, in tow of the "Rhode Island," bound for Beaufort, N. C. A light southwest wind was blowing when she passed out to sea, and the weather was clear and pleasant. During the night she passed Cape Henry, and dawn found her well out at sea.

Thus the morning and early afternoon passed quietly—officers and men spending most of their time on deck because of the vitiated air below. Towards evening, however, a swell set in from the southward, and the sea, sweeping over the pilot-house, struck the base of the turret, but not with sufficient force to break over it. A little later it was found that water was making its way into the vessel, though for some time the bilge-pumps kept her free.

Her convoy, the "Rhode Island," a powerful side-wheel steamer, was a much speedier vessel than the "Monitor," which, therefore, ploughed the sea with her bow out of water, and subject to such constant and heavy pounding from the waves that in the end the upper and lower hulls of the vessel were forced apart and her doom sealed.



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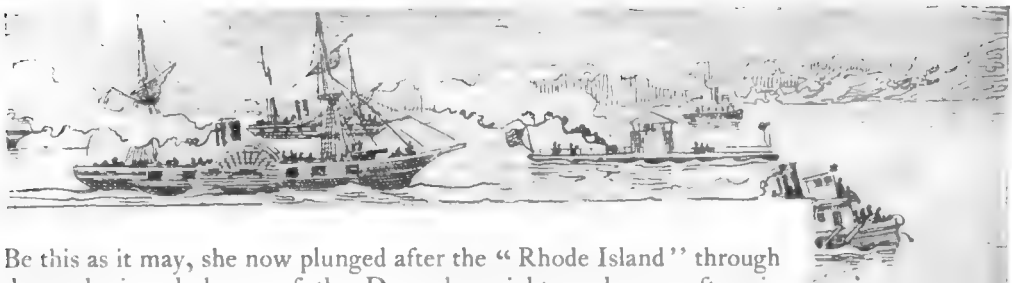

Be this as it may, she now plunged after the "Rhode Island" through the gathering darkness of the December night, and soon after six o'clock made Cape Hatteras. By eight o'clock the wind was blowing heavily, causing the "Monitor" to plunge deeply, the sea washing over and into the turret, and at times into the hawse-pipes.

To make matters worse, Acting Chief Engineer Waters now reported a leak in the fire-room. The pumps were at once set in motion and for a time the water gave way before them. From nine to ten it kept pace with them. At ten, however, with the wind steadily increasing in violence, Waters reported the leak as gaining on us. Half an hour later, with several pumps in constant motion, one of which threw out 3,000 gallons a minute, the water was found to be rising rapidly and nearing the fires; and we all knew that the end was at hand.

The "Monitor" had no boats of her own, and Lieutenant Bankhead decided to signal the "Rhode Island" for assistance. Accordingly, Coston signals were thrown up and answered by the "Rhode Island," whose commander, Captain Stephen D. Trenchard, at once ordered three boats manned and despatched to our relief. Meanwhile things were getting worse and worse on the "Monitor," and it was decided, after a consultation among the officers, to cut the hawser which attached us to our convoy. I made my way to the bow, and by repeated blows from the hatchet which I carried in my hand, cut the rope uniting the two vessels. Three volunteers who had followed me to the deck were washed away and drowned, but I managed, when my task was done, to get safely back to the turret, where all of the officers and most of the crew had now assembled. But for the cutting of the hawser the "Monitor" would, no doubt, have foundered before assistance reached us. After this Lieutenant Bankhead gave orders to let go an anchor in hopes that it might bring the vessel's head to the wind, and that the chain would hold till the crew could be taken off. This idea proved correct, and the "Monitor" came head-to when the cable brought her up.

Soon after this the boat despatched by the "Rhode Island" came alongside, but before she had succeeded in taking off any part of the "Monitor's" crew our consort, rendered helpless by some mishap

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to her machinery, drifted swiftly down, stern first, upon our starboard quarter. For a moment it seemed certain that our iron edge would go through the big steamer's side and thus send us all to the bottom, but in the end the "Rhode Island" cleared our side by a hand's breadth, and, with the accident to her machinery repaired, was soon a safe distance to leeward. In passing, however, she had done some damage, easily mended, to the relief boat, into which Lieutenant Bankhead now ordered Lieutenant Greene to get as many of the men as he could—a task which proved both difficult and dangerous, for the boat sometimes held her place by the "Monitor's" side, to be dashed hopelessly out of reach an instant later. A sailor would spring from the deck to reach her, be seen for a moment in mid-air, and, as she rose, fall into her. So she gradually filled up—not, however, without the loss of several lives—and finally pulled off, meeting on the way a second boat which had been sent to our assistance.

The "Monitor" was still filling rapidly, the deck had settled so that it was even with the surface of the water, and all of the men left on the turret were ordered by the commander to make the deck, when a chance offered, and spring for the second relief boat as soon as it approached. At the same time he asked me to go below and see if there was any one left in the ward-room. I went down and found Assistant Engineer Lewis lying seasick in his hammock. I told him that the ship was sinking, and that he had better take his chances in the open. He refused, however, to do so, and not being strong enough to carry him, I had to leave him to his fate.

Just as I reached the deck the second boat from the "Rhode Island" came alongside, and all except four officers and twelve men got aboard of her, Lieutenant Bankhead and Lieutenant Greene being the last to take their places in the boat. The commander begged the men still on the turret to come down and join us, but, impelled by fear or some other motive, they refused to do so. Later the boat which carried us to the "Rhode Island" went back to rescue them, but failed to reach the "Monitor," and, after drifting about on the ocean for twenty-four hours, was picked up by a passing vessel and carried to Beaufort.

For a few moments only we watched from the deck of the "Rhode Island" the red and white lights that hung from the pennant staff above the turret of the "Monitor." About one o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, December 31st, she sank and we saw her no more.

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Alone in the Arctic Wilderness.

By A. J. Stone.

Illustrated from photographs by the Author.

An Experience with Renegade Indians in the Northwest Territory—Boat-Building under Difficulties—Down the Liard in a Canvas Boat.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The results of Mr. Stone's Arctic explorations have already been exploited through the bulletins of the American Museum of Natural History, in whose interest he was working. The incidents here narrated took place in the vicinity of Fort Simpson, just before the author's researches along the Mackenzie River.

DURING the month of December, 1897, I transported my entire outfit, consisting of provisions and utensils necessary for my future expeditions, to a point on the Liard River just below Hell Gate Cañon. Here I stored them in a rude cache built of heavy logs. Below Hell Gate the Liard is navigable; and my object in selecting the place was to be in a position, as soon as the river should be clear of ice in the spring, to take my provisions down stream by boat without loss of time. The cache was completed in December. The river, I knew, would not be navigable before April. The intervening time I determined to employ in exploring the surrounding country. So, leaving two men to guard the cache during my absence, I set out at once with a sledge of provisions, and succeeded in reaching a point on a tributary of the Liard about a hundred miles from Hell Gate, where news reached me which made it necessary to retrace my steps in all possible haste. A band of murderous renegade Indians was reported encamped in the immediate vicinity of the cache where my outfit was stored.

During my absence in the late winter and early spring I gathered many facts concerning the history of these murderous renegades. They were, as I found, a thieving and vicious lot, composed of outlaws from various tribes, driven from among their own people for the crimes and deeds of violence they had committed there. The most brutal murders were laid to their charge—murders of feeble or troublesome members of their own tribe—children, women, and cripples. Occasionally, too, a strong man would be suddenly despatched to the hunting grounds by an offended neighbor. In such cases nothing was ever said. There was no retribution. I only heard of one case in which the opposite of this held true. The blood-stained hands of one fellow had accomplished such slaughter among them that he had been forced to flee even from their vengeance, and, at the time of my visit, he had been living alone in hiding

AN ARCTIC HUNTER'S CACHE.

The cache of Arctic hunters is a rude shelter of logs built for the protection of their supplies and goods, and the Indians of the region being very superstitious regarding these structures, they are rarely meddled with.

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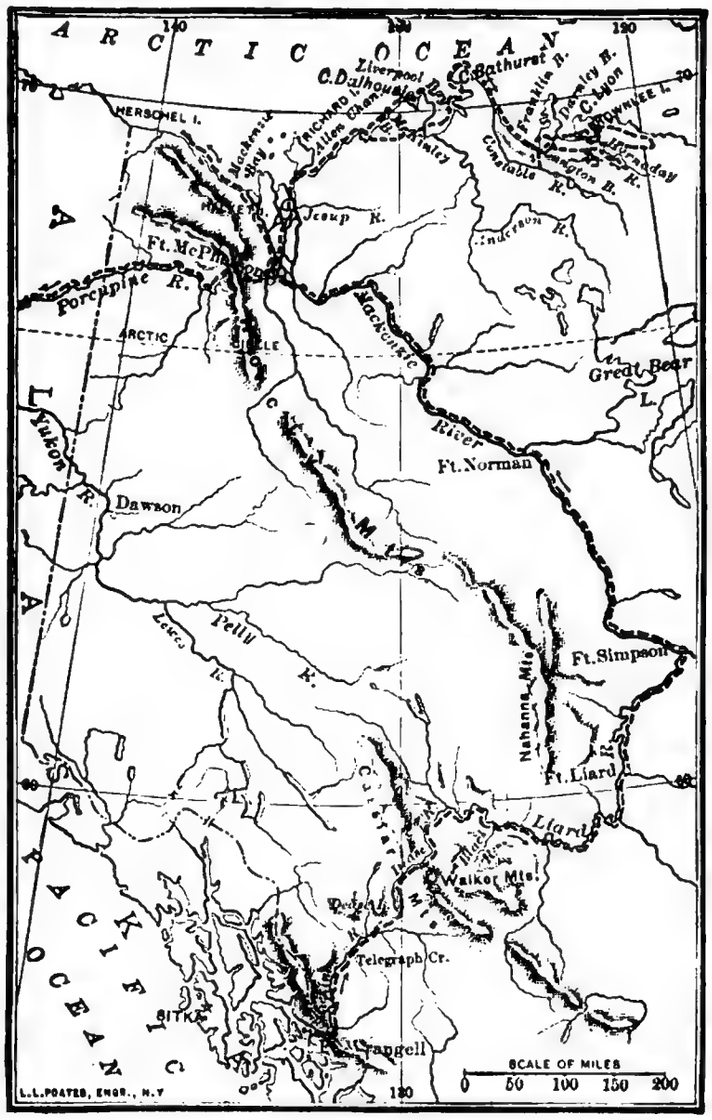
for a period of three years. These Indians, called the "Hell Gates," always seek winter quarters away from the river, back in the mountains, but return to the stream early in the spring. When, therefore, news reached me late in March that a party of from seventy-five to a hundred of these dangerous customers had assembled on the river near my cache below Hell Gate, I naturally felt anxious for the safety of my outfit, and lost no time in hurrying to the spot.

When I arrived there, after a long and difficult return journey over the snow, I found the place, much to my astonishment, quite deserted. The men I had left in charge of the cache were nowhere to be found. My first thought was that they had been murdered, but, failing to find any trace of their bodies, and, on closer inspection, discovering that the contents of the cache had not been disturbed, I was forced to the conclusion that they had deserted of their own accord. Even Powder, an Indian medicine-man I brought back with me from the north, deserted me the morning after our arrival, so I was left alone, with only my faithful sledge-dog, Zilla, for a companion, to cope as best I might with my unwelcome and murderous neighbors. What became of Powder and the guards I never knew, nor did I much care. In the dangerous position in which I was placed it was sufficient compensation to know that the outfit and provisions, upon which the success of future expeditions depended, were still intact.

The reason why the cache had not been disturbed was soon made clear. The Indians had not yet become aware of its existence. Upon my arrival, however, several of the renegades made bold to approach me, and, discovering the cache, to ask what it contained. I put them off as well as I could with evasive answers, which I could readily see were far from leaving upon them the desired impression. I was resolved, however, in case of attack, to risk my life, if necessary, in the protection of the cache and its contents.



MAP OF NORTHWESTERN BRITISH AMERICA.

Showing Mr. Stone's route and his geographical discoveries.

On the supposition that in all probability there would be more danger by night than by day, my first idea was to arrange a safe and suitable place to sleep. Around the cache I had previously cleared a considerable space by cutting down trees for firewood. In the centre of this clearing two large spruce trees were still standing. Under these I determined to spread my blankets. In this way, by abandoning my tent altogether and sleeping in the open air, I should be enabled, I thought, by the light of a good fire, to command an uninterrupted view

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LIARD RIVER INDIANS.

of from seventy-five to a hundred yards on all sides.

It seemed advisable, also, on account of having brought with me on the sledge sufficient provisions for present needs, to leave the cache unopened until I had done my best to rid myself of the Indians. Had it been necessary, I could have rolled the heavy logs from the top of my hoard without assistance, but I could not have put them back again unaided, and as the Indians are somewhat timid about breaking into a cache, I knew that it would be much easier to keep them from pilfering before I opened it than afterward.

Even so, my situation was a trying one. Here I was with an outfit weighing a ton, to be taken down the river, without a boat, and, worse still, with no one to help me build one. The three men I had counted on for this emergency had deserted. Nor was there assistance within available distance. The nearest settlement to which I might appeal was a Hudson Bay trading post on the Liard, one hundred and fifty miles down stream, which I could not reach without sacrificing my cache to the Indians. I resolved, therefore, to remain, and trust to diplomacy and my knowledge of local customs and superstitions to bring me safely out of my predicament. Among other things, I decided carefully to avoid any quarrel with my neighbors, to be firm, never to show fear, to refuse absolutely all demands, and always to be ready for self-defence. I slept under the two big trees in the clearing as I had planned, certain that no one could approach unseen. As an added precaution, however, I always tied Zilla on one side of my bed, and placed three loaded rifles with extra ammunition on the other.

For many days I kept my lonesome watch. I was beginning to feel worn out and very nervous, and had about concluded that, after all, I had over-estimated the possible dangers from the renegades. The snow had by this time quite disappeared from the little clearing, but was about eight inches deep in the timber. During the day it grew soft, but at night a hard crust formed over the top.

One night, having taken my usual precautions, I was awakened by a low growl from Zilla, and presently, just behind me, I heard footsteps in the snow at the edge of the timber. Raising myself on my blankets, at the same time keeping perfectly still, I listened. I could hear the steps plainly, a regular tramp, tramp, tramp, as though the prowler were moving slowly and cautiously along the edge of the clearing. The event I had been so long awaiting had at last come. Now that the rascals were surrounding me, preparing to seize upon my life and belongings, I was conscious that my heart was

THE AUTHOR'S CAMP IN THE FOREST.

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OVERLOOKING THE LIARD FROM THE SUMMIT OF NAHANNA ROCK, FOUR THOUSAND FEET HIGH.

beating more rapidly, and felt my teeth gritting together. Carefully and noiselessly I lifted and cocked one of my rifles. I did not feel especially nervous or excited. It was high time to conclude this tiresome business, and if I thought of any one's death it was that of a Hell Gate Indian.

Tramp, tramp, tramp continued the steps.

Evidently my visitor was circling the clearing and trying to locate me by the dim light of the midnight stars. My fire was low, and gave little light.

The steps continued around the camp until they reached a point directly in front of me, where one of the trees of my camp stood between me and my unseen foe. Here was my chance. By crawling up close behind the tree I should gain a decided advantage. I feared an ambush, however, and realizing that my slightest movement might reveal my position, I laid low.

The footsteps ceased, and I could not discover whether the disturber of my rest was crawling toward me or standing still and listening. The suspense became unbearable. I called. If there was to be any shooting I wanted to get through with it.

No response. I called again. Not a sound. I was at a loss what to make of the situation. I still thought it advisable, however, to remain concealed, so there I sat on my blankets, waiting, until I was chilled through. At last, thoroughly disgusted, I lay down again and tried to persuade myself that I had been dreaming and had better go to sleep. But very soon I heard the steps again, and sat up rifle in hand.

This time I was *not* dreaming. Some one was coming directly toward me with the evident intention of keeping the tree between us. The steps drew nearer and nearer. I lifted my rifle, secretly rejoicing that there would soon be a dead Indian in the neighborhood. I held my breath, and just as I expected to see my enemy emerge, a big white dog stepped from behind the tree. Although my finger was on the trigger I did not shoot. I just laid down my rifle and crawled back into my blankets.

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I never shall forget my feeling of mingled relief and disappointment. I rather wanted to complete the interesting little tragedy promised, but, on the whole, my relief was great. An Indian dog had scented some moose meat hanging in the tree above me, and had manœuvred to reach it undiscovered. Its step was most deceptive, and if I had not seen the animal I should always have believed that I had been visited by an Indian.

The Indians continued to harass me daily, and became more and more troublesome. To give them anything would, I knew, be like giving a tiger a taste of blood. Their pleas grew insistent, but I stubbornly refused them. The reader may wonder how I conversed with them. I knew a number of their words, beside something of Chinook, of which they also knew a little. Most helpful of all was my skill in the sign language, so necessary to travellers in this region, and only to be acquired by contact with the natives. One big fellow became so intolerably insulting one afternoon that I had to drive him out of camp with a club. This quarrel, which I had felt sure would bring trouble upon me, really put an end to my worries, for the Indians, like the cowards they really were, concluded that they could secure provisions elsewhere with less danger; and the very next day they began moving away to their hunting grounds. I was very glad to see them go. Besides their greedy longing for the contents of my cache, there was another reason why their presence endangered me. In one of their camps was a man nearly dead with consumption, and if he died while I was there, I knew that they would be sure to attribute his death to the white man. Undoubtedly either my life or my *ictas* (possessions) would have been required to make good the loss. I had seen the man and knew that he was near his end, and I should not have known how to avert the superstitious wrath of his friends. When all the Indians had departed except the consumptive and his family, I visited these with rice and fruit. A white man, I told them, always has a good heart, but he always does what he chooses with his own *ictas*. Finding that they had plenty of moose meat, I bought some for Zilla.

When, after the torment I had gone through, the Indian cut-throats finally went away and left me in peace, I felt immensely happy and relieved. My courage seemed renewed, and I did not doubt that as I had proved my ability to withstand such a band, so I could also model and construct a boat single-handed, although I had never watched the building of one, and was scantily provided with suitable materials. I went down the river for several miles, and discovered that for about three miles the water was likely to be dangerous; but that one mile farther on there was an ideal spot for a camp, with all kinds of timber in abundance, and one magnificent grove of straight, slender young spruce, just what I was likely to need.

I set about moving at once, loading three hundred and fifty pounds on the sled at a time, which Zilla could easily draw over the four miles of smooth ice which lay between my camp and the spruce grove. By the time I had unloaded a cargo and hauled it up the bank, I was tired enough to get on the sled myself, and let Zilla carry me back after another load.

Thus, in three days, I moved my entire outfit, pitched my tent, and put everything in order.

My new camp was among the big timber on the river bank, and about twenty feet above the level of the ice. There was an abrupt bend in the river just above, and another about half a mile below. A belt of thick timber stretched behind me; and across the river, the country rose steeply from the water's edge. Thus I was completely shut in on all sides.

During my troubles with the Indians I had found time to plan my boat. I had heard that a man alone could cut boards from trees by placing a log in position, standing on the top of it with a hold on the upper end of the saw, and tying a bag of flour to the lower end. This feat seemed too difficult for me, so I hung my

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MR. STONE STRIPPING BARK FROM A SPRUCE TREE WITH WHICH TO COVER THE RIBS OF HIS BOAT.

whip-saw in a tree and decided to try some more practical expedient. I considered skin boats and birch-bark canoes, but I had no skins for the one, and I could not make a bark canoe large enough or strong enough for the load. The only other kinds which occurred to me were canvas boats and log rafts. Evidently I must choose one of these for transport.

First of all, then, I decided on the size of boat necessary to carry my goods. I figured that it must be twenty-four feet long, five and a half feet in the beam, and twenty-one inches deep amidships. I brought out from my stores all the canvas I had, and decided, after careful examination, that by judicious piecing and patching I should be able to cover such a frame. So I promptly set to work and constructed a row of benches upon which I could bend and shape the frame of my craft.

Next I cut down a number of tall, slender young spruce, selecting, as I soon learned how to do, those that were straight-grained. These I trimmed, hewed, and planed; and then, bending them into shape, made them fast. Day after day I worked away until keelson, gunwales, bilge keels, and ribs were all in place. This done, I was much pleased with the outlines; for, although I had not built boats, I had travelled in them enough to know that mine was shaped to ride the rough water it was likely to encounter.

When the frame of the boat was completed, it contained over forty pieces of timber, each from eight to twenty-five feet long, every one of which I had planed on top of a log, by walking alongside, back and forth, on my knees, since the log was too low to admit of my standing while using the plane. Next, I cut down two large trees, from which I peeled the bark in great strips twenty-five feet long, as I had learned to do by watching the Indians. With this bark I now covered the frame, fitting it down smoothly, with the sap side next to the canvas to give it a smooth support and prevent it from sagging between the ribs. Then I darned the holes in my canvas, sewed it together, and stretched and fastened it over the bark. The neighboring woods afforded me a large quantity of spruce gum, which I mixed with the fat from bacon, heating the two together until they blended. A rag, wound

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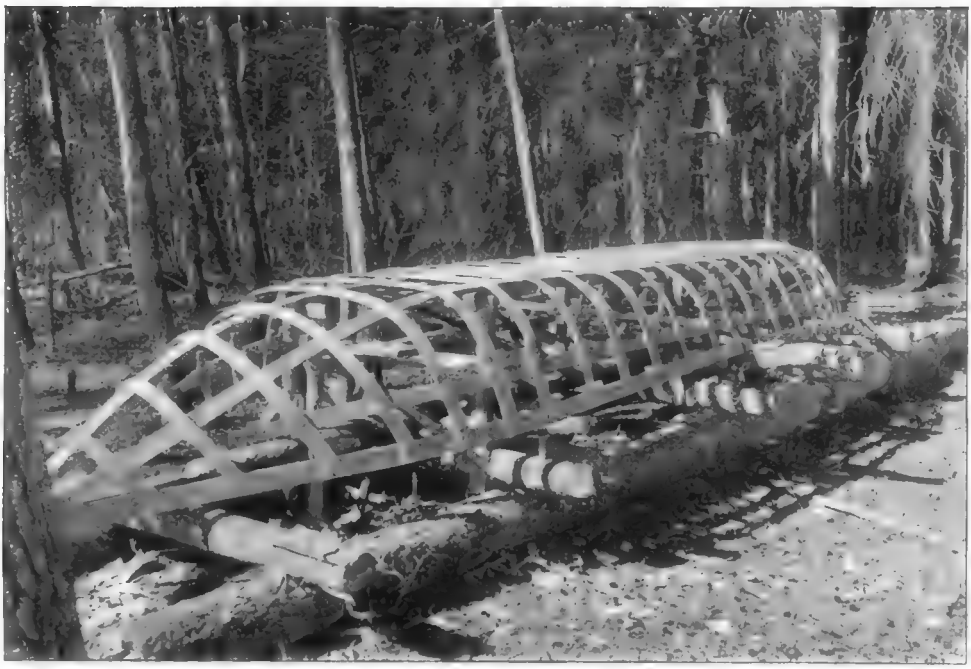

THE FRAMEWORK OF MR. STONE'S BOAT.

THE BOAT FINISHED AND LOADED READY FOR ITS TRIP DOWN THE RIVER.

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around the end of a stick, served as a swab with which I spread the hot pitch over the canvas until it was completely covered. I worked out some oars, and my boat was complete.

While I was still hard at work on my boat two heavy falls of snow almost buried my camp. Soon, however, the snow disappeared; and one beautiful Sunday morning, while still in my blankets, a robin near camp roused me with his bright, familiar song. I sprang up and dressed as quickly as I could, fearing that the little fellow would fly away before I could get a sight of him, but he continued to cheer me with his sweet notes all the morning.

While thus occupied, I observed very regular habits. I rose at five, breakfasted at six, and before going to work on my boat, prepared the skins of whatever small rodents my traps had captured during the night. I lunched at twelve, and, after a six o'clock dinner, took a run with Zilla, for our mutual good, which he seemed to enjoy quite as much as I. At one time I was threatened with pneumonia for nearly a week, but I tried to work on as though perfectly well, convinced that if I allowed myself to give way I should be seriously ill. At all times I used the greatest precautions while chopping, for the reason that, with my life depending entirely upon my own exertions, I could not afford to cripple myself.

My nights were somewhat restless. The awful strain of the long solitude was harder to bear than the dangerous presence of the Indians, and sometimes I wished for their return. In spite of my hard work I ate very little. I could not obtain much variety of food; and to cook the same thing over and over again, and eat it all alone, became very tedious. My isolation would have seemed less oppressive if I could have seen any prospect of a companion, but my anticipation of a lonely and difficult trip down the great unknown river,* in my untested, improvised, canvas boat, depressed my spirit. I had frequently heard the effects upon the mind of such loneliness discussed, and many a tragic story came back to sadden me. Although I kept as busy as I could, and made a companion of Zilla, talking with him and running with him on the beach, my sensations during those solitary weeks were indescribable. I regard this period as the most trying ordeal of my life. In that one month of April I lived a lifetime.

On the fifth day of May, while at work, I heard a peculiar long-drawn swishing noise in the direction of the river, and, running to the bank, saw a tongue-like strip of water boring its way through the ice down the middle of the stream. Some distance below it stopped for a time, then began again. Sounds as though the mountains were tumbling down came from upstream. With mingled fear and joy I realized that the river ice was breaking, and that soon I should be released from the awful prison where I had been held for over thirty days. Was I freed only to find a watery grave in this mad, unknown river? The crushing, breaking ice roared louder and louder, until in front of me the ice of the whole river suddenly lifted and broke into huge, floating masses which began to move down stream. Then a great swell from above piled ice upon ice many feet high. So deafening was the battering of millions of tons of monster ice cakes that I could hardly control my nerves or my thoughts. For the three days during which this awful grinding continued, I obtained very little sleep. Then the ice began to move down stream, and at the end of five days most of it had disappeared, and I decided to launch my boat.

I crawled under it, knocked away the frame, and, lifting it from beneath with my shoulders, managed to work it forward inch by inch over the edge of the bank to the sand beach below. Once there, I found difficulty in extricating myself. If I lifted up one side, I could not get my body half-way out without finding myself held fast in such a position that I could not hold up the boat, which, with its heavy spruce bark, canvas, and pitch, probably weighed five hundred pounds. Luckily I

* The Mackenzie.

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THE COMING OF SPRING IN THE FAR NORTH.

". . . . I heard a peculiar long-drawn swishing noise in the direction of the river, and, running to the bank, saw a tongue-like strip of water boring its way through the ice down the middle of the stream."

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remembered seeing dogs scratch their way under fences, and in like manner I scratched my way out.

Once launched, my boat proved its capability to float a ton of cargo; and steering a difficult course among snags and rapids and fields of heavy ice, I made my way, with considerable difficulty, one hundred and fifty miles down stream to Fort Liard, a Hudson Bay trading post, where assistance for further navigation was procurable.

Once launched, my boat made its way with excessive difficulty. The river was very swift, and was shut in most of the time between high walls. I struck one rapid with a heavy swell a half mile long; and just as I did so I observed two enormous cakes of ice on either side, both of which seemed about to roll in on top of me and crush the boat each time we passed over the crest of a high wave. However, I took my oar and managed to ward them off, my boat turning sideways the while and tipping dangerously.

Farther down, the current had swept so strong against a high bank that this had been undermined, leaving the roots and ends of broken trees protruding from the water. Several times I just brushed them, but escaped without damage. Then, for many miles, the river spread out over a low, flat country.

It was nearly six o'clock before I saw a convenient place to land. I made for this, and, anchoring the boat, prepared my camp for the night. I had eaten nothing since five in the morning, and had been constantly exerting my strength, but I had no desire for food.

The next morning I was up early and well started down stream again by 5.40. The river, here, was everywhere separated into small streams by many islands, but was still very rapid. How I ever escaped getting caught irrevocably in a tangle of drift, has ever since been a perfect wonder to me. Then, again, side winds kept me busy fighting off shore, and from the time I broke camp until twelve o'clock I pulled at the oars without stopping.

About that time I saw an Indian settlement a mile ahead of me, on the opposite side of the river, and was so anxious to see a human being that I made up my mind to land. So I bent to my oars and crossed to the farther bank, where I was met by a motley crowd which I at once recognized as friendly. I was invited up by one of the Indians, to his cabin, and there was as royally feasted as I have ever been in my life. My host, who could speak a little English, told me that he and his boy would take me to Fort Liard the following morning. When I was ready to start several women had brought me moccasins as gifts, and all the settlement was at the boat to bid me good-by. The morning was perfect, the waters of the great river everywhere calm and mirror-like.

Thus, after having steered a difficult course among snags and rapids and fields of heavy ice, and having undergone much fatigue and danger, I was not sorry when, a little after noon, we reached Fort Liard, and I was welcomed once again by white men.

A GROUP OF RENEGADE INDIANS FROM THE LIARD REGION.

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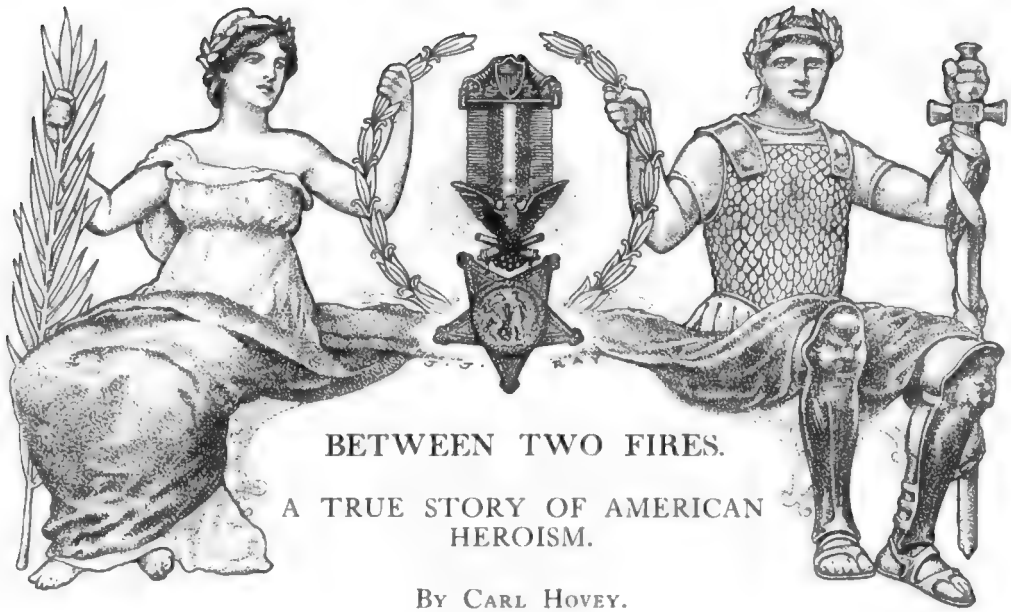

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

A TRUE STORY OF AMERICAN HEROISM.

By Carl Hovey.

Editor's Note.—During all time the names of our soldiers have stood high in the recognized deeds of bravery of the world. These deeds have been officially recognized and rewarded by our Government. The result of this recognition was the creation, by Act of Congress, 1862, of a military reward or decoration for American soldiers of whatever rank who "have most distinguished themselves, or may hereafter most distinguish themselves, in action." The stories begun in this number will tell how some of the most famous of these decorations, representing rewards for exceptional heroism, were won.

The day Sheridan sent Early's men "whirling through Winchester," as the Northern general expressed it, a soldier won the Congressional Medal of Honor under circumstances which naturally draw together the separate records of two actors on that famous field.

Three hours before daybreak of September 19, 1864, Sheridan's whole army was astir under orders to cross the half-dry fords of the Opequan and attack Early in front of Winchester. The Second United States Cavalry, of Lowell's Brigade, Merritt's Division, was led into line in the windy star-light; the troopers standing to horse, the chargers, with their homely outfits of lariat, nose-bag, and single spare shoe, sniffing at the coarse grass in some surprise as if it were new and strange. The command quietly mounted and swung forward slowly into motion; the commander, the orderly bugler, the color guard, the pioneers upon their clay-bank horses, the band, and, last, the fighting rank and file. The regiment marched by such roads as brought it to the fords at daylight. The stream was banked in mist and sounded on the rocks under cover of the gray blankness. The ford at Seaver's, where the Second Cavalry were to cross the run, was guarded by a part of the famous "Stonewall Brigade." In spite of this, however, the Second on arriving there dashed across without hesitation, and the Confederates, finding their position untenable, after a few shots fell back. The sunlight of morning now broke wide over the fields and rolling country before the Federal cavalry, showing half a dozen irregular chains of stone fence behind which soldiers in gray were sheltered. Their rifle barrels, as the sun glinted upon them, seemed to dot the horizon with points of light. A little way off a detachment of Breckenridge's infantry was gathering behind the barricade afforded by a stone wall.

Lowell's Brigade had been halted. Lines were being formed in preparation for crushing the enemy back into Winchester. So many detachments had been sent away to

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cover various important points that the brigade commander had remaining only the present headquarters and about one hundred men of the Second Cavalry. The Confederates, meanwhile, were making good their position behind the stone fence. At an angle where the wall was flanked by a scrub oak forest they had swung into place a 12-pounder field gun. The Stars and Bars of the Confederacy now rippled out like an invitation to battle full in the faces of the Northern men.

An orderly rides up to Colonel Lowell.

"General Merritt's compliments," says he, "and directs you to support General Custer's attack."

Lowell turned to the commanding officer of the Second, Captain Rodenbough, and gave the order to charge, adding that he himself would accompany the attacking force. The signal was given, and it roused the little band of troopers like a physical shock. The squadron struck into a gallop. The men cried out like boys riding a race. A few hundred yards away, Custer's brigade wheeled rapidly over a long, low ridge, and bore toward the angle where the field gun and the woods guarded the Confederate position. As Lowell's men caught sight of Custer's capless yellow head, they shouted frantically. The squadron now huddled in a solid mass, now opened out, a group of two or three striking for the lead. The enemy with the battle flag held their fire as the horsemen plunged toward them.

GENERAL T. F. RODENBOUGH.

Crash! The muskets behind the stone wall let out, of a sudden, a reverberating volley. For a second the wall was outlined in jets of flame. The next instant smoke hid it completely; and in the next, patches of it, and musket barrels, could be seen by the attacking party. The flag showed plainly above all, but its invitation was not as peremptory as before. It had been withdrawn as the Union troops approached.

Peremptory or not, Lowell's men were no longer in a position to accept the invitation. The firing had become incessant. Horses floundered to their knees, and the wild-eyed men kicked spurs into them in vain. Here and there a trooper caught viciously at his chest or side and toppled over, dead. The leading files reined up. Custer's men were recoiling before a heavy fire at the angle by the wood. The flag, which it had seemed a splendid thing to capture a few moments hence, began to become a matter of minor interest. An instinctive knowledge seemed to come into the mind of every man that the movement was only a feint, after all, to further the activity of some one else.

The broken squadron, under the rallying notes of the bugle, whirled round their horses and galloped back to the shelter of their old position. Where a trooper had broken away from a bunch, he found himself conspicuously alone, a private target for the marksmen of the other side. Such individuals made a race of it to rejoin the crowd. It happened that the commander of the Second, Captain Rodenbough, was one of these. His big horse, Salamander, had easily carried him far ahead of the troops; and now, as he started back alone, a hundred Confederate riflemen drew a bead

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upon them. The powerful beast made but one jump, when the enemy let loose a volley of scattering shots at horse and rider. The horse stopped short in his tracks. The captain jumped from the saddle, and sought to lead him, when he saw blood spurting from half a dozen places in the animal's body. The next moment the captain and his trembling horse stood in an almost empty field, the most conspicuous object between the firing lines of the two forces. The man was comparatively safe for a few moments, the enemy's bullets passing, for the most part, over his head or into the body of the powerful steed which was now his only shelter. The sun was now high and shining brightly. The captain knew he was fairly caught. To make a dash for the Federal lines would mean a short and fatal race. To remain standing behind the dying warhorse would soon result in his being taken prisoner by the Confederates. He would be marching on his way to Libby, while the Second was gloriously pursuing Early up the Shenandoah.

SERGEANT CONRAD SCHMIDT.

Whose gallant rescue of his captain at the ford of the Opequan won him the government medal of honor.

With such thoughts passing quickly through his mind, the captain suddenly looked up and saw a man galloping toward him. He recognized Sergeant Conrad Schmidt of his own regiment. He watched the man come toward him, with mingled admiration for his audacity and sinking at the heart at the thought of the bullet which must inevitably strike the gallant dragoon. With bated breath he waited for the catastrophe.

The accelerated crackling of musketry fire and shrill shouts of the enemy were almost lost upon his ears as the rider drew nearer and nearer. The sight fascinated him.

"Is the Captain wounded?"

Sergeant Schmidt had reached the captain's side. He saluted, and asked the question just as his horse, with a final plunge, planted its feet and stood still.

"I think they are sending some cavalry out against us, sir. Better get up behind me, sir," said the sergeant.

To mount behind the sergeant was the work of a moment. The Confederates turned their attention with renewed interest upon the double mark as the men spurred away. Lowell's cavalrymen were too far away by this time to return the volley. A frightened leap of the horse told the two riders that the enemy's shots were taking effect. A moment later the beast again quivered under the saddle. With a wild plunge that almost unseated them the maddened animal clamped the bit tightly between his jaws, and broke away at a rate of speed that surely saved the lives of the two men upon his back. He brought them back among Lowell's men, bolted through the lines and was

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running toward the rear, when two orderlies, seizing the bridle, managed to pull him up.

The men dismounted. The horse had five bullet wounds in his flesh. There was a hole in the sleeve of Rodenbough's loose army blouse. The sergeant was untouched.

. . . . . .

It was near the close of the same day. The firing had been growing more distant on the left of Lowell's position. His brigade, with the rest of the cavalry, was being gradually moved toward the right of the Federal battle line. The infantry attacks, supported by the splendid charges of Devin and Custer, were gaining ground. The battle of Winchester, or Opequan, was sure to end in a Federal victory by the close of the afternoon. Lowell rode in front of his brigade, which was formed in close column. The Second was at the head; its commander, the man whom Sergeant Schmidt had rescued, rode a trooper's horse in the lead. His day's work had only begun.

The ground in front appeared as level as a floor, away to the enemy's thin line of infantry and to the earthworks on the Confederate left, which hid the guns of a small battery. A charge was now to be made to end the battle and send Early's forces demoralized through the old town of Winchester.

The enemy's repeated volleys had no power to slacken the advance of Lowell's brigade. The buglers sent the cavalry on at a gallop. When Rodenbough, who was in the lead, had ridden within a hundred yards of the enemy, his eyes fixed on the Confederate standard-bearer, he saw a retreating Confederate stop short, swing his carbine to his shoulder and take aim. The captain spurred his horse. The fruits and pleasures of battle were now almost in his hands, as a recompense, seemingly, for the misadventure of the morning. Then the carbine spoke, and his right arm dropped to his side as if crushed. His sabre, which was tied to the wrist by the sword knot, tossed crazily in the air, then dangled low down at the horse's leg. The captain swerved his horse to one side. The brigade passed him with a sound like the rush of a great wind. For a second time that day he found himself alone between the armies.

As he glanced rapidly round he saw in the direction of the now broken Confederate right three cavalrymen in gray approaching. The troop-horse, stung by the spur and belabored at every jump by the dangling sabre, sped away in the direction in which his head was turned—to the Union line. The pursuers emptied their revolvers at Rodenbough, who flung himself flat on his horse's neck. Slightly changing his position he reached over, and sought with his free hand to loosen the knot by which the sabre hung heavily upon the wounded arm. Suddenly, with a blinding crash, the troop-horse fell under him, flinging the captain with stunning force in a heap on the ground.

When he opened his eyes some minutes later it was to look for a second time that day into the blue sky of the Valley of the Shenandoah. As he came to clearer consciousness he saw round about him the *débris* of battle—dead men, dead horses, the wreck of a battery wagon, and abandoned arms.

The sounds of the charge rolled farther and farther away on the left of the battlefield. Though the cavalry captain, who lay like one only half-conscious of his surroundings, could not know of this, Early was being beaten back—beaten back in a smashed, demoralized condition, unequalled in the fighting in the valley. Some time later, when darkness was settling over the field, the wounded man heard squads of troopers slowly riding back in his direction. One horseman rode up to the dismantled caisson. He glanced at the dead about him, then spurred toward the wounded officer of whom he was in search. This man was Colonel Lowell. He placed the captain on the back of his own horse, and so brought him to headquarters, where a field hospital had been established.

Captain Rodenbough lost his arm as a result of his wound. He came out of the

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CAVALRY CHARGE AT THE OPEQUAN.

"Then the carbine spoke, and his (Captain Rodenbough's) right arm dropped to his side as if crushed."—*See page* 548.

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war a few months later a brevet brigadier-general, and from him in person the facts concerning Sergeant Schmidt's exploit were obtained. Schmidt made the rescue without orders, entirely on his own motion. The story of Rodenbough's own experiences at the battle of Opequan was told by his friends. Both soldiers received the Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry in action; the one for rescuing his commanding officer under a heavy fire as already related, and the other for "distinguished gallantry in action at Trevillian Station, Virginia, on June 11, 1864, where he was severely wounded while handling his regiment with skill and valor while serving as captain of the Second United States Cavalry, commanding regiment."

Golf Don'ts.

By H. L. FitzPatrick.

Don't take up the game unless you are determined to play it well.

Don't groan over a miss, like a boy who has been eating green apples. Better smile, even though you have to force it; then try, try again.

Don't, in a foursome, force the smile so heartily that your partner will take umbrage at it. Discriminate!

Don't proceed in serene ignorance as to the run of the match by holes. Nothing is more maddening than to have an opponent query in a fatuous way, at quick intervals: "I say, how do we stand now?"

Don't play up to the putting green until those ahead have holed out and moved away; yea, even though they be of the pencil and paper friends who always stand over the cup to note down their strokes.

Don't, too, yield to the inclination to play up into a group who are calmly retrying their putts. Practise calling out "Fore," with a facetious inflection, for such emergencies.

Don't play a certain stroke too often, because you happen to play it well. Play the club the lie suits and the distance demands.

Don't worry about other matches passing when you are looking for a lost ball. To call out that you have almost found it may be construed as a mockery.

Don't move or speak while your opponent is preparing to putt. Have your caddie respect this injunction; also your friends in the encircling "gallery."

Don't be churlish in aiding an opponent to find a lost ball, or object when outsiders assist in the quest. If his ball be found in your caddie boy's pocket, your previous zeal will help to prove innocence on your part.

Don't be too profuse with compliments when an opponent is driving very well; nor will a sympathetic murmur banish the jarring feelings left by a wretched foozle. Silence is often good golf.

Don't think backward as you take the stand. Let every drive make its own history.

Don't wear red waistcoats on the brain, nor let plaids dominate the intellect.

Don't, in the greenest of salad days, ignore the difference between match and medal play. Whoever wins the most holes gains a match, and the lowest score wins at medal play. Nothing is more jarring than to hear the young man with the new clubs tell how he has won a match by 132 to 144 strokes; and

Don't envy the winner. Your turn will come some day for compliments and the cup.

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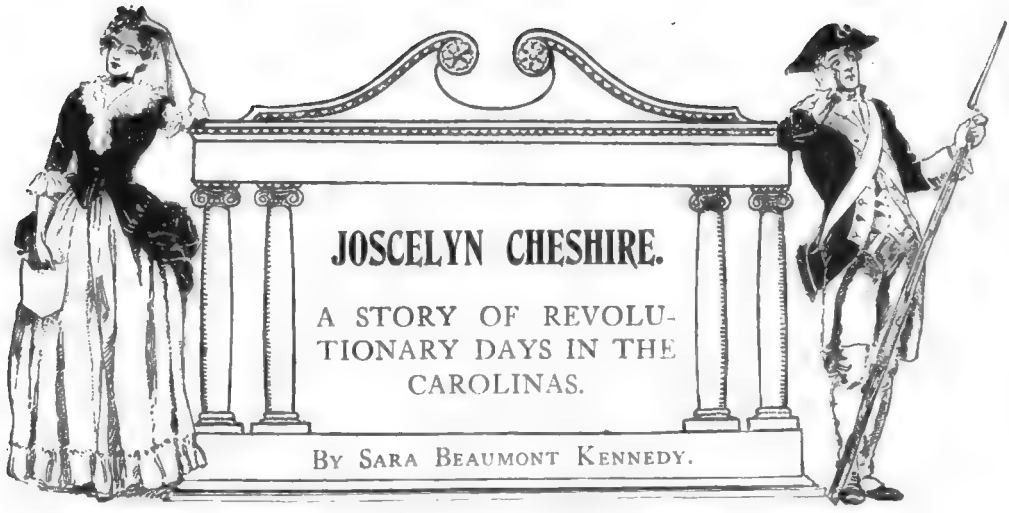

CHAPTER I.

CUPID AND MARS.

"Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat."—SHAKESPEARE.

HE threw the door wide open and, with one foot advanced and his weight on the other hip, stood at pose with uplifted arm and sword; as gallant a figure as ever melted a maiden's heart or stormed a foeman's citadel. There was great suggestion of power in the straight limbs, a marvellous promise of strength in the upward sweep of the arm, which, for a moment, held the inmates of the room in silence of admiration. Then an avalanche of exclamations broke loose.

"Richard, Richard!"

"Master Clevering!"

"A health to the young Continental!"

"Oh, the new uniform, how bravely it doth become him!"

"The buff and blue forever!"

"What an air the coat gives him."

"And the breeches have never a wrinkle in them. I have ever said, my son, that you were not over fair of feature, but that the Lord made it up to you in the shape o' your legs." The last speaker was his mother, who, passing behind him, ran her fingers caressingly along the seams of his military outfit.

The young man lowered his sword and answered with a boyish laugh: "And truly did the Lord owe me a debt in that He gave me not your beauty, mother."

"He balanced His account," was the complacent answer, "for you are a fit figure to please even a king."

"Nay, I care not to please the king—but the assembled queens!" He doffed his hat, and bowed with courtly grace to the group of young women in the centre of the room.

Full of laughter and chaffing they crowded about him—his sister Betty, her friend Patience Ruffin, Mistress Dorothy Graham, who had come in to learn a new knitting stitch of Betty, and pretty Janet Cameron, who had followed Dorothy to hear the gossip which must necessarily flow freely where so many women are assembled. Immediately they surrounded the young soldier, and there was much laughter and talking as they relieved him of his sword and gun.

"Only a private in the ranks, and yet here am I attended like a commander-in-chief," he said, laughing. "Methinks no hero of olden romance had ever such

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charming squirage. Are you going to give me your gloves and fasten your colors on my helmet, that I may go forth to battle as did the knights of yore?"

"Yes; kill me a Redcoat for this," and Janet tossed him her glove, while Dorothy tied a strand of the bright wool from her knitting ball upon his sleeve. "An you win not a battle for each of us, you are no knight of ours."

But the fifth girl of the group, after one glance at him upon his entrance, had turned abruptly to the window and stood gazing into the street, tapping the air to "King George, Our Royal Ruler" upon the panes. No part of her face was visible, but her attitude was spirited, and the poise of her head bespoke defiance. Richard Clevering's eyes travelled every few minutes to that straight, lithe figure, and anon he called out banteringly:

"Hey, you, there at the window, are King George and his army passing by that you have no eyes for other folk?"

"I would that they were," was the short answer, and the fingers went on with their strumming.

"Come, Joscelyn, leave sulking and see how brave Richard's uniform doth make him," said Betty, coaxingly.

"And truly doth he need somewhat to make him brave, seeing he is in arms against his king," Joscelyn retorted, but turned not her head.

"In arms against the king? Aye, truly am I; and yours be not the only Royalist back I shall see 'twixt this and the end of the campaign, Mistress Joscelyn Cheshire."

"Then, forsooth, will they be in luck—not having you to look at."

But the others had caught his meaning, and her retort was half lost in the shout of laughter that greeted him.

"Aye, I warrant me when the fighting comes you will see the backs of so many Redcoats that you can e'en cut their pattern in the dark," declared Dorothy.

"Then will his head be twisted forever awry with looking so much over his shoulder behind him."

"My Lady Royalist's ears are in the room though her eyes be elsewhere," laughed Janet.

"And neither is her tongue paralyzed. Turn about, Joscelyn, and let us see you have also other power of motion."

"Not quite so much as some folk who turn like a weather-cock in every gust of a partisan wind."

Thus the sparring went on until the visitors took their departure, followed to the gate by Mistress Clevering and her daughter for that one last word which women so love. Richard bowed them out and closed the door upon their backs; then, marching straight to the window, he placed himself by Joscelyn, who immediately turned her face in the opposite direction. He spoke to her, but only a shrug of the shoulders answered him.

"You *shall* look at me," he cried, with sudden determination; and, seizing her by the shoulders, he twisted her about until she faced him; but even then he did not accomplish his purpose, for she covered her face with her hands, declaring vehemently she would rather see him in his shroud than in the uniform of a traitor.

"Traitor, forsooth! You know not whereof you speak." He dragged her hands from her face, and held them in his strong grip; but still he was foiled, for her eyes were tightly closed. "An you open not your eyes immediately, I will kiss them soundly upon either lid."

Which threat had the desired effect, for instantly the lashes parted and a pair of blue eyes looked angrily into his.

"So—I have brought you to terms. Well, and what think you of my uniform?"

"Methinks," and her voice was not pleasant to hear, "that 'tis most fitting apparel for one who refuses allegiance to his king and—uses his greater strength against a woman."

He flung her hands away with what, for him, was near to roughness. "By the eternal stars, Joscelyn, your tongue is sharp!"

"A woman has need of a sharp tongue since Providence gave her but indifferent fists."

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"In sooth it is the truth with you," he cried, his good-humor restored as he again caught one of her slender hands and held it up for inspection. "Nature wasted not much material here; methinks it would scarce fill a fly with apprehension."

But she wrung it out of his grasp, and, with an exclamation of annoyance, turned once more to the window. His expression changed, and he stood some moments regarding her in silence. At last he said:

"Joscelyn, 'tis now more than two years since you came to live neighbors with us, and for the last half of that time you and I have done little else than quarrel. But on my part this disagreement has not gone below the surface; rather has it been a covering for a tenderer feeling. I have heard it said that a woman knows instinctively when a man loves her. Have you spelled out my heart under this show of dispute?"

She shrugged her shoulders mockingly. "I am but an indifferent speller, Master Clevering."

"Right well do I know that, having seen some of your letters to Betty," he answered with ready acquiescence. Whereat she flashed upon him a glance of indignant protest; but he went on calmly, as though he noted not the look: "But you are a fair reader, and mayhap I used a wrong term. Have you not read my heart all these months?"

"It is not given even unto the wise to read so absolute a blank."

It was his time to wince, but the minutes were flying, the women might return from the gate at any moment, and this would be his last chance for a quiet word with her. "Let us have done with this child's play, Joscelyn. To-morrow I march with my company; 'twill be months, perhaps years, before we meet again. I love you! Will you not give me some gentle word, some sweet promise to fill with hope the time that is to come?"

"What manner of promise can you wish?" she asked, her back still toward him.

"A promise which shall mean our betrothal."

"But I have no love for you."

"You might have if you would cease dwelling so much on the king's affairs and think somewhat of me. I would give you love unqualified if so you would but lean ever so little my way."

"And think you, Master Clevering, that I would turn traitor for your love? Nay, sir; I am a loyal subject to King George, and can enter into no compact with his enemies."

"Then will I be forced to conquer you along with the other adherents of the tyrant, for have you I will," he cried impetuously. "An you yield not to persuasion, you shall yield to force. From this day I hold you as a part of the English enemy who needs must be subdued; and I do hereby proclaim war against your prejudice for your heart."

"And I do accept the challenge, foreseeing your failure in both causes." She swept him a courtesy full of open defiance and ridicule, and again turned her back upon him as Betty entered the room.

But Master Clevering was neither dismayed nor discouraged by the turn his wooing had taken. He had never thought to win her lightly, and his combative disposition recognized in the prospect before him the elements of a struggle, so that he was filled with the keen joy of a warrior at the onset of the fray. The possibility of final defeat did not occur to him.

Bidding Betty an affectionate good-by, Joscelyn quitted the house, declining his proffered escort, nor did he speak with her again for a space of many hours; for when the company, bidden that night to a farewell feast with him, assembled about the board, the chair set for her was vacant. Betty and Janet glanced meaningly at each other, for they had seen her at dusk in company with Eustace and Mary Singleton, and the Singletons were among the most pronounced Tories in the county. But at the other end of the table Richard only laughed as he thrust his knife into the fowl before him and felt for the joint.

"Tell her, Aunt Cheshire, that our loss does not equal hers, since she gets none of this bird, which is browned to the taste of Epicurus himself."

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His tone was careless, and in truth he was not surprised at her defection, for he, too, had seen the Singletons at her gate; and later on, as he stood at his own door, had seen her, through her lighted parlor window opposite, take off, for the entertainment of her guests, his own theatrical entrance in his uniform that afternoon. She was an excellent mimic, and her sense of humor enabled her to give a ludicrous side to the scene, which drew forth peals of laughter from her auditors. The vanity, the swagger, the monumental pose were so exactly reproduced that Richard felt a quick tingle of irritation flush his veins. And that picture was still in his mind as he sat at table among his guests.

It is questionable whether it would have been an added nettlement or a relief had he known that she had been aware of his presence across the way, seeing him distinctly against the hall light behind him, and that the scene enacted was more for him than for her visitors.

CHAPTER II.

THE MARCH OF THE CONTINENTALS.

"Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream."—LINLEY.

THE Cheshires and Cleverings were not akin, although the young people gave titles of kinship to the older folk. Mistress Cheshire had been twice married, her first husband being brother to James Clevering. After her second widowhood she had moved from New Berne to Hillsboro'-town, to be near her brother-in-law, for neither she nor her last husband had any nearer male relative this side of the sea. There had been no quarrel with the Cleverings concerning her second marriage, so that she found in Hillsboro' a ready welcome. The inland town promised more peace than the bustling seaport whence she had moved. There news of king and colony came in with every vessel that cast anchor at the wharves, and, as a result, the community was in a constant state of ferment. All this was very repugnant to Mistress Cheshire, who was a timid woman with no very decided views upon public questions. Her one ruling desire was for peace, no matter from whence the source, and she had lived happily under the king's sceptre; but if Washington could establish a safe and quiet government, she would have no quarrel either with him or fate.

But Joscelyn was different. Her father had been an ardent advocate of kingly rule, and she had imbibed all of his enthusiasm for England and English sovereignty. He had died just before the battle of Lexington set the western continent athrob with a new national life. Consequently, the removal from New Berne had been much against Joscelyn's inclination; for she desired to be in the front and press of the excitement. But seeing how her mother's heart was set on it, she finally withdrew her opposition. Still she carried to her new home the bitter Toryism with which her father had so deeply ingrained her nature. In another atmosphere this feeling might have spent itself in idle fancies and vain regrets; but in daily, almost hourly, contact with the Cleverings, whose patriotism was ever at high tide, she was kept constantly on the defensive, and in a spirit of resistance that knew no compromise. The elder Cleverings and Betty looked upon her outbreaks good-humoredly, treating them as the whims of a spoiled child. But not so Richard. His whole soul was in the revolt of the colonies; every nerve in him was attuned to war and strife, and he was vehemently intolerant of any adverse opinion, so that between him and Joscelyn the subject came to be as flint and steel. He did not scruple to tell her that she was foolish, obstinate, logically blind, and that her opinions were not of the smallest consequence; and yet the staunch loyalty with which she defended her cause, and the ready defiance with which she met his every attack won his admiration. Very speedily he separated her personality from her views, and loved the one while he despised the other. Nothing but fear of her ridicule had held him silent upon the subject of his love hitherto.

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Early the next morning Betty ran over to make her protest against Joscelyn's absence of the night before. "Richard seemed not to care, but mother and I were much chagrined that you did not come."

"I certainly meant no offence to you and Aunt Clevering," answered Joscelyn, "but Richard and I have a way of forgetting our company manners which is most unpleasant to spectators."

"Yes; mother read Richard a most proper lecture this morning about the way he quarrels with you, and he is coming over later to make his peace; he says he thinks that perhaps mother is right, and that he will feel better to carry in his heart no grudge against any one when he goes into battle. And you must be very kind to him, Joscelyn, for it is a great concession on his part to apologize thus. Supposing if—if anything happened to him, and you had sent him away in anger!"

Joscelyn drew the young girl to her. "So you have appointed yourself keeper-in-chief of my conscience? Well, well; I will hold a most strict watch over my tongue during the next few hours, so that it may give you no offence. Still, I am not easily conscience-stricken, and neither, I think, is Master Clevering."

"The Singletons passed the evening with you, did they not?" asked Betty, who had glanced across at her friend's window the night before, and had seen them playing cards together.

"Yes; and Eustace said some very pretty things about you and your pink frock. What a pity you are of different political beliefs, for— Why, Betty, what a beautiful color has come into your cheeks."

"Stuff, Joscelyn! What said Master Singleton?" And when the speech was repeated the girl's sweet face was redder than ever.

Tenderly, and in some consternation, Joscelyn stroked the brown hair, wondering silently at the game of cross-purposes love is always playing. Uncle and Aunt Clevering, with their violent views, would follow Betty to her grave rather than to her bridal with Eustace, for, besides the party differences, the older folk of the two families had long been separated by a bitter quarrel over a title deed. Joscelyn's own friendship for Mary and Eustace had been the cause of some sharp words between her and her uncle; a thousand times more would he resent Betty's defection. "But they shall not break her heart!" she said to herself, with a sudden tightening of her arms about the clinging girl.

An hour later Richard knocked at the door and was admitted by Mistress Cheshire, for Joscelyn had gone to her own room at the sound of his step outside.

"No, I will not come down. I have promised Betty not to quarrel with him, and the only way to keep my word is not to see him," she said to her mother over the banister. "Tell him I hope he will soon come back whole of body, but as gloriously defeated as all rebels deserve to be."

In vain her mother urged, and in vain Richard called from the foot of the stair; she neither answered nor appeared in sight.

"Tell her, Aunt Cheshire, that I never thought to find her hiding in her covert; a soldier who believes in his cause hesitates not to meet his adversary in open field; it is the doubtful in courage or confidence who run to cover." And he went down the step with his head up angrily and his sword clanging behind him.

In the upper hall Joscelyn held her hands tightly over her mouth to force back the stinging retort. Then, with a derisive smile, she went downstairs and sat in the hall window, in plain view of the street and the house across the way.

That afternoon his company marched afield. The town was full of noise and excitement, and the mingled sound of forced laughter and sobbing, as the line was formed in the market place and moved with martial step down the long, unpaved street, the rolling drums and clear-toned bugles stirring the blood to a frenzy of enthusiasm. The sidewalks were lined with spectators, the patriots shouting, the lukewarm looking on silently. Every house

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along the route through the town was hung with wind-swung wreaths of evergreen or streamers of the bonny buff and blue—every one until they reached the Cheshire dwelling. There the shutters were close drawn as though some grief brooded within, and upon the outside of the closed door hung a picture of King George framed in countless loops of scarlet ribbon, that flamed out like a sun-blown poppy by contrast with the soberer tints of the Continentals. Here was a challenge that none might misunderstand. The sight was as the red rag in the toreador's hand is to the bull in the arena; and, like an infuriated animal, the crowd surged and swayed and rent the air with an angry roar. The marching line came suddenly to a full stop without a word of command, and the roar was interspersed with hisses. Then there was a rush forward and twenty hands tore at the pictured face and flaunting ribbons, and brought them out to be trampled under foot in the dust of the road, while a voice cried out of the crowd:

"Down with the Royalists! Fire!"

And there was a rattle and a flash of steel down the martial line as muskets went to shoulders. But Richard Clevering, pale with fear, sprang to the steps between the deadly muzzles and the door and lifted a hand to either upright, while his voice rang like a trumpet down the line:

"Stay! There are no men here. This is but a girl's mad prank. Men, men, turn not your guns against two lonely women; save your weapons for rightful game! Shoulder arms! Forward! March!"

There was a moment's hesitation, a muttering down the ranks; then the guns were shouldered and the column fell once more into step with the drums, while the crowd shouted its approval. But above the last echoes of that shout a woman's jeering laugh rang out upon the air; and lifting eyes, the crowd beheld Joscelyn Cheshire, clad in a scarlet satin bodice, lean out of her opened casement, and knot a bunch of that same bright-hued ribbon upon the shutter. With the throng in such volcanic temper it was a perilous thing to do; and yet so insidious was her daring, so great her beauty, that not so much as a stone was cast at this new signal of loyalty, and not a voice was lifted in anger.

And this was the last vision that Richard had of her—the vivid, glowing picture he carried in his heart through the long campaign, whether it was as he rushed through the smoke-swirls of battle or bivouacked under the cold, white stars.

CHAPTER III.

ONWARD TO VALLEY FORGE.

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides."—COWPER.

THE colony of North Carolina had long been ready for rebellion against kingly authority. At the first call to arms the older men had gone to the field, some marching away to the north, others serving under the partisan leaders through their own section. Now the younger ones—those who had been but boys when the cannon at Lexington made the pulse of the people first to quicken and throb—were going out to bear their share in the fray.

For the past year the company of which Richard Clevering was a member had done service in the militia at home, keeping the Tories in a semblance of subjection, and now and then going to Sumter's aid when he made one of those electrical sallies which were like lightning flashes amid the general storm. In this hard school Richard had learned his first lessons in soldiering; but graver and sterner military work was now ahead, for the company was marching northward to aid in recruiting Washington's regular army, reduced and discouraged by the terrible winter at Valley Forge.

When they started, the willows that fringed the Eno, that fierce little river that winds about Hillsboro', had already lost their winter grayness, and, with the rising

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of the sap, had taken on that wonderful golden brown which is the aureole of the coming springtime. But as they held their steady way to the north the spring signs disappeared, and hoar frost and bleak winds told that winter's reign was not yet over.

It was a long tramp up through the Virginia woods and along the salt marshes of the coast, and down and up the desolate streams hunting a ford. But youth and enthusiasm lighten many a burden, and to Richard the greatest hardship was lack of news from Joscelyn.. The thought of her tugged at his heart, and if his step ever lagged in the line, it was because the memory of her face drew him back with that sickening sense of longing that youth finds so hard to resist. At every chance he sent her a missive.

"Not that she will care, but just to show her *I* do," he said, trying to convince himself there was no bitterness in the thought.

The March winds tore at them, and the storms pelted them as they tramped the rugged roads or slept in their thin tents, and the bullets that they had intended for the enemy often went to provide game for their daily sustenance. The Tories of the districts through which they passed sometimes rallied to oppose them, so that they had to fight their way through ambuscades, or, when the enemy greatly outnumbered them, slip away under cover of night or by circuitous paths through the forest and swamps.

And so, at last, toward the end of March, they reached their goal—the encampment at Valley Forge, and shuddered at the desolation they witnessed. As the little band marched down the streets of the military village, gaunt men who had survived the horrors of the winter came out to meet them with huzzas, and the drums beat a long welcome. Their coming was as a thrill that runs through a half-numb body, a sign of revivification and awakened hope. But under it all was a sense of unspeakable sadness that filled the hearts of the newcomers with a strange wistfulness of pity and admiration.

The succeeding weeks were given up literally to camp work, to ceaseless mustering and drilling, under the vigilant eye of Baron Steuben, until the newcomers lost the air of recruits and bore themselves with the semblance of veterans.

"We had hoped to fight under Morgan," Richard wrote his mother, "but, doubtless for excellent reasons, we are to be assigned to General Wayne's command, which just now sorely needs strengthening. Save that Morgan is from our part of the country, the change matters not to me, since both men are fearless leaders. What I want is the fray, and with either of these men I am like to get my fill."

Here there was a long blot on the page, as though the back of his quill had been drawn along a line. In truth it had, for he had started to send a message to Joscelyn.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COMPANY ON THE VERANDA.

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover or some captive maid."
—POPE.

FOR several weeks after the departure of the soldiers an expectant hush settled over Hillsboro'town—the reaction of the mustering and drilling that had gone before.

With both the work and the gayety of the town interrupted, there was nothing of moment to engage attention but the news that came once in a while from the camps and battle-fields. The interest in this was shared by every one, so that all the tidings, whether by message or letter, were looked upon as public property. News that came by word of mouth was cried out from the church steps or the court-house door, for no good citizen wished to keep his knowledge to himself. Thus it fell out when it became known that a missive had come from Richard to Joscelyn, that a score or more of women gathered about her door to learn the contents. She came out to them upon the veranda, her saucy beauty enhanced by the scarlet bodice, her eyes full of laughter.

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"I pray you have patience with me, good ladies," she said, "if so I read but slowly. Master Clevering ever had trouble with his spelling; and as for the writing, 'tis as though a fly had half drowned itself in the inkhorn and then crawled upon the page."

Then did she proceed to read them the letter from its greeting to its close, pausing now and then to laboriously spell out a word.

"Said I not the Continentals would win? Would I had been there to see. How glorious the fighting was; and think of the surrender! Well, well, it consoles me somewhat to think of that coming last surrender of the archest of all Royalists. I shall bear a part in that, for it is to me the capitulation will be made——"

"Why, dear me, is Master Clevering to be made commander-in-chief of the American forces, that his Majesty's troops should yield arms to him?" Joscelyn broke off to ask with assumed innocence. "I heard naught of his rapid promotion."

"Come, come, Joscelyn, leave off sneering at Richard and read us the rest."

She laughed as she turned the page.

"Say to Mistress Strudwick that the fame of her gallant brother, Major William Shepperd, hath reached even this remote quarter, and his old friends glory in his prowess. Little Jimmy Nash hath lost his wits and wants another pair——"

("A pair of wits! What can that mean? Oh, I ask your pardon, Mistress Nash; it is 'mits,' not 'wits.' Master Clevering hath so queer a handwriting.")

"—and wants another pair; let his mother know, that she may knit them and send them by the first chance."

There were other messages and news items which the girl read, and then came the signature.

"There follows here a postscript which perchance some of you may help me to unravel," she added; and then, with the air of a town-crier announcing his errand, she proceeded:

"To the girl of my heart say this, that I forget not I am fighting for her, and that I look upon every Redcoat my gun can bring down as one more obstacle removed from betwixt us. I think of her always."

She paused and puckered her brow in a perplexed frown. "Now who, I pray you, is the girl of his heart? Cannot some of you help me to guess?"

"Methinks 'twould be an easy task for you," laughed Mistress Strudwick.

"*Me?*" repeated Joscelyn, still with that air of perplexed innocence. "Nay, he was ever so full of jokes and quarrels that it never came to me he had a heart."

With a pin from her bodice, and using her high-heeled slipper—which she drew off for the purpose—as a hammer, she tacked the paper to the banister. But it had not fluttered twice in the wind ere Betty had snatched it down.

"Shame on you, Joscelyn, for so exposing my brother's letter!"

"Oh, I meant not to anger you, Betty," returned the girl sweetly, as she took the letter again and thrust it into her bodice. "Since you like not this plan, we will have the town-crier search out the mysterious damsel and bring her here to read for herself. Let us see how the cry would run: 'Wanted, wanted, the girl of Richard Clevering's heart to read his greeting on Mistress Cheshire's porch!'"

She stooped to buckle her shoe, her foot on the round of Mistress Strudwick's chair, and so they saw not the laughter in her eyes. She knew well that Betty would not fail to write Richard of the scene, and she already fancied his anger; she could have laughed aloud. "Methinks I have paid you back a score, Master Impertinence," she said to herself, and then fell to talking to Dorothy Graham until the company dispersed. That night Betty, running in on a message from her mother, found Joscelyn using the fragments of the ill-fated letter to curl the long hair of Gyp, the house dog, and she went home to add an indignant postscript to the missive to her brother, over which she had spent the afternoon.

Still, as the days passed, Betty was full of concern for the privations Richard endured, and out of sheer force of habit she carried her plaint to Joscelyn.

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"Richard drills six hours a day, rain or shine," she said, with an expostulatory accent on the numeral.

"Dear me, is he that hard of learning? Methinks even *I* could master the art of shouldering a gun and turning out my toes in less time than that. It seems not so difficult a matter."

"And even after all this," Betty went on, taking no heed of the other's laugh, "he may not rest at night, but must needs do picket duty or go on reconnoitring expeditions. And he hath not tasted meat in two weeks, not since he hath been in camp."

"What a shame! A soldier such as Master Clevering should sit among the fleshpots and sleep all night in a feather bed."

"I knew you would laugh," Betty said with sudden heat. "You treat Richard as though he counted for naught; but the truth is, Joscelyn, you are not half good enough for him."

And Betty flung out of the house with her chin in the air, while Joscelyn kissed her hand to her with playful courtesy, but with a genuine admiration for her spirit.

But she softened not her heart toward Richard. Because of his impatience with her opinions, and the personal nature of their disputes and oppositions, he had come to typify to her the very core and heart of the insurrection. She knew this was foolish, that he was in truth but an insignificant part of the general turmoil; and yet he was the prominent figure that always came before her when the talk turned on the Revolution, no matter in what company she was. His masterful ways of wooing and cool assumption of her preference also grated harshly upon her, and even in his absence her heart was often hot against him. She listened indifferently to his mother's and Betty's praise of him.

Her position in the community was rather a peculiar one; for while many of her companions disliked her tenets, they loved her for her merry ways and grace of manner, and so they refused to listen to some of the more rabid members who counselled ostracism. Her mother, too, was a strong bond between her and the public; for when the patriotic women of the town met together to sew and knit for the absent soldiers, Mistress Cheshire often went with them, and no needle was swifter than hers. It was her neighbors she was helping; the soldiers were a secondary consideration. She was not going to quarrel with Ann Clevering and Martha Strudwick because their husbands had fallen out with the king; that was his Majesty's affair, not hers, and she did not believe in meddling in other people's quarrels. But Joscelyn shut herself in her room on these days and read her English history; or else, being deft with her pencil, made numerous copies of the historical pictures of King George and his ministers, which were pinned up on the railing of her balcony as a new testimonial of her loyalty. But no sooner was her back turned than some passer-by tore them away, sometimes leaving instead a written threat of retaliation that made her mother's heart cold with a nameless dread.

It was in these days that news came that Uncle Clevering had fallen in a charge with Sumter. There was much sorrow through the town, and the two widows were naturally drawn closer together for the mutual sympathy and support which comes of a perfect understanding. In Mistress Clevering's presence Joscelyn never again talked vauntingly of British prowess, since it was a British bullet that had wrought such sorrow to her friends, but even this death in no way shook her allegiance.

CHAPTER V.

WINDING THE SKEIN.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways."
—BROWNING.

QUICK steps sounded at the Cheshire door, and the brass knocker beat like an anvil through the house, setting the maid's feet in a run to answer it. Joscelyn came down from her room with wide eyes of

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curiosity to find Eustace Singleton in the parlor, a great nosegay of roses in his hand.

"You have brought me the first roses of the year," she exclaimed; "how kind," and she stretched out her hand for the flowers.

"No—they are not for you—not exactly," he stammered, holding them out of her reach.

"Mother will appreciate them, and I shall enjoy them quite the same."

"No, she will not, for I had her not in mind when I plucked them."

"Oh!"

"I was thinking of—of—'n faith, Joscelyn, I was thinking of Mistress Betty Clevering."

"Of Betty Clevering! Red roses for Betty Clevering!"

"They are not all red. See this one, it is near as buff as her own party color."

The girl nodded, smiling at his eagerness. He walked the length of the room, then stopped before her abruptly.

"Joscelyn, I leave for the front to-night."

"I did not know——"

"Yes; I have but awaited orders from Lord Cornwallis. This morning a messenger brought them, and I am to report at once. His lordship has been most kind because of my father's friendship when they were boys, and I am appointed aide upon his staff."

She held out her hand impulsively. "'Tis what we hoped for you."

"But," he went on hurriedly, "I cannot go without first speaking with Mistress Betty. Methinks I cannot fight against her people without first asking her pardon. Oh, of course, that sounds foolish; but will you help me, Joscelyn? It would be useless for me to go to her house; the door would be shut in my face."

"And you want me——"

"I want you to ask her here now, and then go away upstairs like the dear girl you are, and give me a chance."

"Aunt Clevering would never forgive me."

"She need not know; think up some excuse for sending for Betty."

"And Betty herself might be angry."

"Not with you. She may turn me away. I have small hope, for she has always been so shy, and public questions and private quarrels have kept our families so far apart. You know how seldom we meet; but speak with her I must, for who knows whether I shall ever come back? My departure to-night must, of course, be in secret, for were my intentions known, I should be apprehended and held, mayhap hanged for treason. This is my one chance to see Betty; you are going to send for her, Joscelyn?"

She hesitated; she hated deception, and she loved her Aunt Clevering. Then there came to her the memory of Betty's face when she had teased her about Eustace, and her own resolution to be the girl's friend where so much heartache and opposition awaited her. This was her opportunity; if she refused it she would be abetting the general harshness the girl was likely to encounter. She left the room without a word, and presently Eustace saw through the window her little maid dart across the street and into the opposite gate.

"Thank you," he said jubilantly, taking her hand when she reëntered the room.

"Wait and see if she comes. She was angry with me about Richard's letter, and may not accept my invitation."

But even as she spoke a cheery voice cried in the hall: "Joscelyn, Joscelyn, are you upstairs?"

"Nay, I am here," and she met the girl at the door and drew her into the parlor.

Eustace came forward smiling. "Now, Mistress Betty, I call this a lucky chance to have dropped in here when you were coming to sit with Joscelyn. Fortune does sometimes favor even so humble a subject as I. Let me move this chair for you."

Betty's cheeks had reddened faintly, and she glanced quickly from him to Joscelyn, but found in neither face any confirmation of a suspicion that stirred in her mind. Joscelyn was turning over a great pile of colored worsteds.

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"You promised to help me sort the colors for my new cross-stitch—you have such a fine eye for contrasts. But since Eustace is here methinks we had best put it off; men are so impatient over such matters," she said.

"Nay, nay," he protested, "you slander me along with my fellow-men. Mistress Betty here shall prove it, for I will hold those tangled skeins for her and she will find that I am patience itself."

"Very well, we will put you to the test. Hold out your hands, Eustace. Now, Betty, wind that while I find a blue for the flowers."

Never was anything brought about more naturally and deftly. Almost before she was aware Betty found herself seated in front of Eustace, who was making great show of resignation.

"How does a man sometimes fall from the high estate of his manhood and dignity and become no better than a wooden frame whereon to hang a length of yarn," he said, laughing; then colored with pleasure as Betty bent toward the table and put her face close to the roses lying there.

"Ah, how sweet! I have only a few buds as yet. Master Singleton brought them to you, Joscelyn?"

"On the contrary, he said expressly they were not for me. There is no blue in this lot of wools, I must have left it upstairs. 'Tis a shame I have to mount those steps again. I hope you will have that skein wound by the time I find the blue one." At the door she paused and looked back archly at Eustace; then, blowing a kiss to Betty's unconscious back, she went away, shutting the door softly behind her.

"God bless you, Betty dear; I hope I am acting for your happiness," she said to herself on the stair.

Betty added to her soft ball in unruffled silence for a minute. Then, glancing up, she met Eustace's gaze, and her hand faltered in its winding.

"Do you know for whom I brought the roses?" he asked, bending toward her.

"Stay, Master Singleton, you are dropping the skein—and you promised to be so patient."

"True, true; I have it all in a mess. Wind your ball up closer that we may pass it through this loop."

And so they set themselves, with here a turn and there a backward twist, to that old task of unravelling the snarled skein. Now and then their fingers touched, and both hands trembled and both faces reddened; Eustace's from the exquisite pleasure of the contact, for never before had they been so alone, so near together, and out of pure joy he would have prolonged the happiness. But the shadows were already lengthening backward to the east, and with nightfall he must be away. And so when Betty's little hand was again near to his he seized it in both of his.

"Betty—sweetheart—I love you!"

The thread was snapped apart, and the ball fell to the floor, but he held her hands fast.

"Nay, you must listen to me, for this night I go away to bear my share in the war, perchance to give my life for the cause I hold to be right. But before I go I must tell you what is in my heart—tell you that I love you as a man loves the woman to whom he gives his name, with whom he leaves his honor. And not only must I tell you that, but I must hear you say that, believing as I do, you do not blame me for going to the war. You do not blame me, do you?"

Her hands lay still in his, but her head was bent so low he could not see into her eyes.

"This war means everything to me, for the enemies of the king against whom I shall have to fight are my neighbors and acquaintances, and, worse still, the near and dear relatives of my love. Under such circumstances you do not think I would fight save from principle?"

"No."

"And you do not condemn the step I am taking, even though it sets me against your dear ones? I cannot see things as they do."

She lifted her head and looked at him squarely for a moment. "Every man

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should follow the dictates of his conscience."

"I knew your heart would recognize the justice of my case. And when it is all over and I come back, you will not let this stand between us—you will be my wife?"

But she drew her hand away, shaking her head with downcast eyes, and his pleading was futile. "To promise you would be to go against my mother, and it were undutiful in me to add to her present distress; now that my father is dead and my brother gone to the war, my mother has only me to comfort her."

"Then at least let me carry away the glad assurance that you care for me; that will suffice, for, if you love me, you will wait for me."

"You—you will find me waiting," she whispered; and then her lips trembled under the kiss that he put upon them.

But there was a sound at the door, a warning rattle of the knob, and out of consideration for her he let her go.

"Aunt Clevering is calling you, Betty," Joscelyn said, but she did not enter. "She'll be there directly, Aunt Clevering," she called from the front door. And presently, when Betty passed her with Eustace's colors flaming in her cheeks and his roses on her breast, she knew that Redcoat and not Continental had won this battle in her parlor.

"She would not promise me," Eustace said, wringing her hand; "but I am so happy, for there are some things that are better than a spoken promise."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FÊTE AT PHILADELPHIA.

"Drink to her that each loves best;
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name."

—CAMPBELL.

The sixth day of May dawned clear at Valley Forge. In the crowded huts and tents was an unusual stir, a brushing and repairing of ragged uniforms and a burnishing of bayonets and sword hilts. Then the bugles sounded their stirring call, and the morning sun looked down upon the army drawn up in two lines upon the drill plateau. Richard, gazing down the line in front of him, and knowing that the one in which he stood was but its ragged prototype, felt his heart swell with admiration and a sickening pity; for everywhere were the marks of privation and starvation; only the faces, transfigured by the radiance of a new hope, told of the unconquered wills that lay dormant under the scars of suffering.

Thus they heard the news for which they had been mustered into line—France had acknowledged the independence of the colonies, and would send them substantial martial aid. Franklin had won, and the *fleur-de-lys* was to float beside the star-studded banner of the young republic fighting for her life.

When the proclamation was read, a salute of thirteen guns boomed out, each the symbolic voice of a State pledging allegiance to the new alliance. Down the lines went the rattle of musketry, and there rolled up a shout that filled the blue hollow of the sky with its hoarse echo.

"Long live the King of France!"

"Long live the new Republic!"

"Hip—hip—huzza!"

It was as if the prisoned joy of months had broken into song. Scars and tatters and hunger, pains and aching wounds were forgotten, and only the radiance of peace and freedom yet to come shone in the dazzled upturned eyes.

"Long live the lilies of France!"

When it was all done Richard sat down to write by the light of a pine knot one of those letters that Joscelyn hated.

She would not answer the epistle, of course—she never did; but it was such a relief to put his feelings into words. That she would be angry at some of his words he knew, but it made him laugh to think of the disdainful lips and flashing eyes.

He must have laughed aloud, for a man stretched upon the ground suddenly asked him what the joke was.

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"Oh, just a passing thought," Richard answered. "A man has to think funny things to keep alive in this state of inactivity into which we are called."

"You would like a little excitement?"

"Indeed I should. 'Tis now six weeks since I came into camp, and only that one secret trip with you down the river has broken the monotony of drilling and mounting guard."

The man, a Virginian named Dunn, smoked a moment in silence.

"How would you like to witness the festivities in honor of General Howe before he leaves Philadelphia?"

Richard's eyes lit up. "Take me with you, Dunn!" he cried, with great eagerness.

"H-u-s-h!" said Dunn. "Nothing is arranged yet; but there will be much to learn of the enemy's intended movements, and when would there fall so fine a chance as these days of festivity when wine and tongues will both run free? If I can so fix it, you shall go with me; you suit me better than Price, for you are quicker to catch a cue. You have got just one fault for this kind of business—you are always so d—n sure of yourself and your own powers; a little humility would improve you."

Richard laughed and wrung his hand. "You can knock me down for a conceited coxcomb, only take me with you."

For a few days the French alliance was the all-absorbing theme of talk. But Richard soon had other things whereof to think. Dunn was planning his expedition into the lines of the enemy; but two weeks went by before he came to Richard's tent and beckoned him aside.

"To-night at eight, by the pine tree down the road. I have spoken to your captain, so there will be no hubbub about your absence. Bring no arms but your pistols."

Under the young May moon Richard kept his tryst with the veteran scout, as eager as a lover to meet his mistress.

"Sit down," said Dunn. "I shall tell you my mission, for I do not work by halves. Sometimes an assistant has to act on his own responsibility, and he spoils sport if he does not know the plan. First, we are to find out when the British are to move, what is their destination, and by what road they will go. If an attack is to be made beforehand on our camp, we must bring back the plans. If there is a chance for our men to strike a blow, we must know it."

"And how are we to learn these things?"

"By keeping our ears and eyes open and our wits sharpened. It will take cool heads and steady nerves. We are to gain entrance into the city as ordinary laborers. In this bundle are the necessary clothes. Circumstances must govern us after we are there. Now to get ready."

It took but a few minutes to transform the soldiers into workmen, so far as dress makes a transformation. Leaving their uniforms in the hollow of a tree, where Dunn's man was to search for them, they mounted their horses and set off by an unused road toward the distant city. The direct route would have given them about twenty miles of travel, but the numerous diversions they were obliged to make added a fourth of that distance to their journey, so there was a gray streak of dawn in the sky ahead of them when they drew rein at a lonely cabin on the edge of a wood, beyond which were the cleared fields of a farm that skirted the city. On the door of this hut Dunn struck three sharp taps, then one, then two. After the signal was repeated the door was cautiously opened by a man within, who, upon being assured of the identity of the newcomers, bade them enter; and Richard found himself in an humble room whose rafters were hung with drying herbs that gave out a pungent odor.

In a few words Dunn explained to the man, whom he called George, something of their purpose.

"Well, I was expecting you. My vegetable cart starts in two hours; one of you can go with me, the other must straggle on behind, for two would be more than is safe with one cart. My daily pass allows me an assistant."

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When their horses had been hidden in an outhouse, Richard and Dunn threw themselves down and slept heavily until the carter aroused them. The smell of breakfast, along with his eagerness for the coming adventure, made Richard quick to answer the summons, and in a short time the three were on their way. It had been arranged that Richard, who knew nothing of the city, should go on with the carter, and that Dunn should take his chances and follow. But in the public road, where other carts were beginning to appear, they overtook a black-eyed lass carrying a huge basket of eggs. It took but a few glances, flashed coquettishly across the road, to bring Richard to her side. There were some gallant speeches, a protest that ended in a pouting laugh, and then the two went down the road like old friends, merry with the carelessness of youth, she swinging her hands idly, he carrying her basket. Thus they passed, with small parley, the picket posts, for the guards knew the girl, who came and went daily with her market wares.

Once they were in the city, Richard bade adieu to his companion, and, after some little search, joined Dunn behind the market house, the latter having slipped in by an obscure alley. They soon knew from the talk on the streets and the general air of bustle that the fête they had come to witness was to begin on the water, so they repaired to the pier above the city and waited for a chance to slip into the crowd. The opportunity came through a boatman, who wanted two men to help row his barge down to the appointed landing. They readily bargained to go, and took their places in the boat, which was soon filled with a gay crowd of ladies and their escorts, all in gala humor and attire. Richard, sitting in front of Dunn, forgot all about his oar as he watched the flutter of the brilliant throng, the glowing faces, the flashing smiles. Never before had he seen so many magnificent costumes or such an array of masculine and feminine beauty. But there was one face that seemed strangely familiar—a face with dark eyes and tropical coloring of olive and carmine. Where had he seen it? Nowhere, he felt sure, for a girl like that was not to be forgotten. And yet his eyes went back to her as to a friend. Who, then, was it she resembled? He was searching his memory for a cue when suddenly something struck him sharply on the arm, and Dunn said in a whisper:

"Mind your oar and quit gaping that way; the whole company will be noticing it directly, and coming over to examine you, and that'll be a pretty kettle of fish!"

Richard picked up his oar quickly, ashamed of his defection; but for the life of him he could not keep his eyes from the dark, vivacious face across the boat until her escort, a splendidly dressed officer of Howe's staff, laughed and said to her:

"I told you all hearts would be at your feet this day, and see, even the boatman over there is worshipping from afar."

The half whisper reached Richard, and as the girl turned toward him their eyes met. She laughed, and then threw up her head with a disdainful toss, turning back to her companion. But the gesture had cleared the doubt in Richard's mind. It was Mary Singleton over again, and the vivid likeness was to her. This must be her Philadelphia cousin, of whom he had often heard. She would know much of the plans of the British, for her father was an intimate of Howe, and she herself said to be betrothed to his chief of staff. This much Richard remembered from Joscelyn's talk, and glad he was to recall the idle chatter which at the time had bored him, since it kept him from more personal conversation. It was of Joscelyn and himself that he had always wanted to talk; but she had declared lightly that neither subject suited her, for her own charms were too patent to need comment, and his were too few to bear exposure, and had gone on to tell him of the Singletons, whom she knew through Mary's letters. A plan that seemed like the gauzy web of a fairy tale began now to weave itself in Richard's mind as he bent to his oar.

The river was full of boats of every description, from barges like the one he was in, to giddy cockleshells, that seemed

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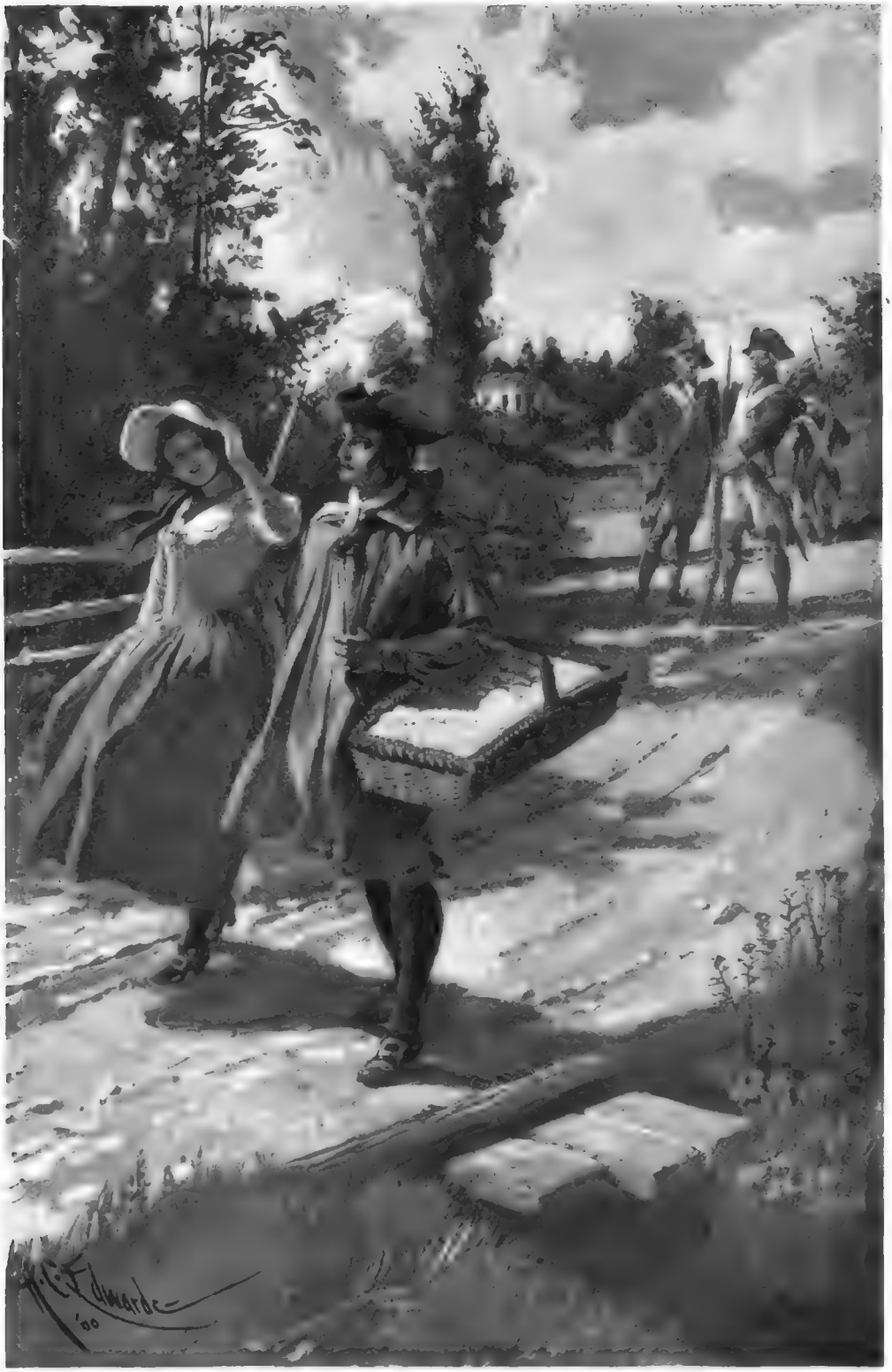

THUS THEY PASSED WITH SMALL PARLEY, THE PICKET POSTS.

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a dare to Providence as they careened and dipped and darted in and out among the larger craft, like monster dragonflies rather than conveyances for human beings. And each one, great and small, was packed from prow to stern with a laughing, singing crowd in festal array. As the gay fleet approached the appointed landing-place, it passed in line between two men-of-war strung with flags and sun-kissed garlands; and then, amid the music of hautboys, the braying of trumpets, and the booming of guns, the company landed and proceeded to the grounds laid out for the tourney which was to be the chief event of the day. It was a dazzling picture upon which the afternoon sun looked down. In the centre stretched the tourney ring, around which beautiful women, gorgeously gowned, sat on mimic thrones to watch their gallants—tricked out like knights of old—contend for the honors. The multi-hued throng of spectators filled out the picture which had for its foreground the river with its decorated craft, and for its background the deep green of the forest, with the city's clustered roofs to one side. Thousands of flags and garlands and streamers of ribbon tossed in the wind, while the music, like the invisible incense of pleasure, drifted like sunshine everywhere.

And the man for whom this was all planned sat on his daïs, the embodiment of soldierly bearing, of courtesy and gratification; for this splendid demonstration told unequivocally the appreciation in which the army held him, notwithstanding the implied disapprobation of the home government in so promptly accepting his resignation, tendered, no doubt, in an hour of chagrin and hurt pride at the strictures passed upon him at home.

As soon as the barge was tied to its pier Richard and Dunn mingled with the throng, bent on seeing the sport. Richard longed to become a part of the merry-making, but knew he must be content to be a spectator. He looked about carefully for the black-eyed girl, and finally located her through a remark overheard in the crowd:

"Mistress Singleton occupies the place of honor on the right of the master of ceremonies."

And when he had pushed his way further on he saw her. So he had been right; this was Ellen Singleton, the *fiancée* of Grant, one of the most accomplished officers under Howe. All the afternoon he lingered in her vicinity, but unable to advance in any way the mad scheme he had in mind. When darkness fell the company repaired to the hall where the tourney victor crowned his queen, and the dancers took their places to spend the time until supper was announced. More than four hundred guests sat down to that table, over which twelve hundred waxen candles shed their radiance. As Richard leaned into one of the low windows, absorbed in the scene, he noticed that Grant was whispering earnestly to his fair companion, and that she looked serious, even alarmed. Before he had finished wondering at the cause some one touched him on the arm, and he turned to find Dunn at his elbow.

"Hist!" said the latter; "something is afoot. Couriers have come, and General Howe spoke with them apart in the anteroom, and you should have seen his face light up as he listened. It is, of course, something about our troops. I heard La Fayette's name, but can get no particulars. Grant is leaving the table; keep him in sight if possible while I try the couriers."

Mistress Singleton also had risen, and was leaving the room on Grant's arm. Quitting the window hastily Richard was at the door when they came out of the hall.

"I must speak with you," Grant said earnestly, in a low tone, to the girl on his arm. The lawn was practically deserted, and the mimic thrones erected for the tourney stood unoccupied in the blended light of moon and flambeaux. "The general's pavilion yonder is our best place. There are some ladies and gentlemen on the far side, but at the corner, there where the shadow falls, no one is sitting. Come."

He led her across the open space, and Richard saw them take their places in the dim light, the girl's white dress marking

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the spot even from where he stood. He followed slowly, not knowing what next to do, for he was too new in the *rôle* of scout to willingly play at eavesdropping, so he stood irresolutely near the pavilion watching the quiet couple at one side and the bevy of laughing revellers at the other. Evidently Mistress Singleton was much agitated, for her hand rose in a frequent gesture, and her voice was a trifle shrill. Presently two young men from the other party came down the pavilion steps, and one of them dropped his long military cloak in the shadow at the end of the step, saying he would find it again after the dance. Then they passed on. Behind them two soldiers came at quickstep, and Richard heard these words:

"Grant's division has the orders. Quick work of the whole crew of rebels."

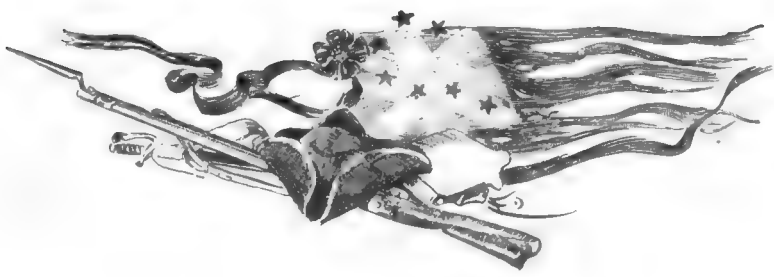
In the light of the flambeau at the banquet hall door Richard saw Dunn, and hastened to join him. Putting together what they had gathered, they made out that La Fayette had left Valley Forge with a body of troops intending to do whatever mischief he might, but that his movement had been discovered, and Howe was planning to capture his whole force, and Grant was to be detailed for the work. But what his course would be, when he would set out, and what force would be with him were things yet to learn. However, these were the very things La Fayette would want to know. Dunn was waiting for Howe to leave the banquet hall, so Richard went back to his vigil near the pavilion. As he approached, Grant was coming down the steps.

"I shall not be gone twenty minutes. You are quite safe, for Mistress Hamlin is just behind you, and I'll send one of the officers to sit with you. Wait for me, for it may be our last meeting."

Evidently the girl consented, for she kept her place while he sprang down the steps and strode toward the lighted hall.

The wild plan Richard had cherished all day was to speak with this girl on equal terms. It might cost him his life, but a very dare-devil spirit of adventure took possession of him. Now was the hour of which he had dimly dreamed. He did not stop to think, but stooping into the shadow, he snatched up the long cloak lying there and wrapped it about him, turning up the collar jauntily. Then with his heart thumping against his ribs, but with a smile on his face, he came to the side of the steps nearest the girl and went boldly up into the pavilion.

(*To be continued.*)



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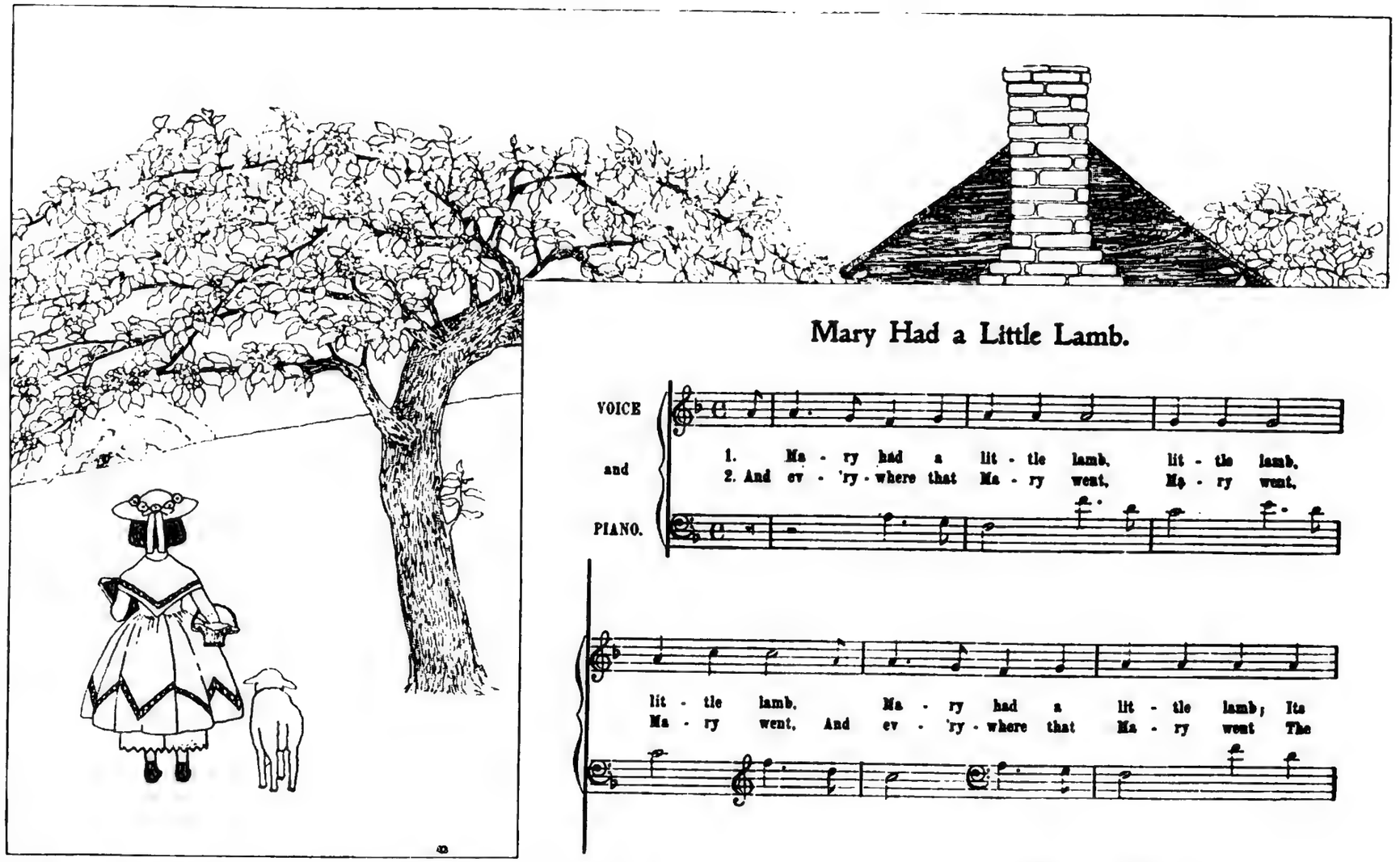

Mary Had a Little Lamb.

VOICE and PIANO.

1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb,
2. And ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went,

lit - tle lamb, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb; Its
Ma - ry went, And ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went The

fleece was white as snow.
lamb was sure to go.

3 It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;

4 It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb in school.

5 And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near;

6 And waited patiently about
'Till Mary did appear.

AN OLD FRIEND IN NEW GUISE.

(From the forthcoming "Old Songs for Young America." Collected and illustrated by R. Osterlag.)

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A Marriage by Proxy.

A Story of the City.

By Abraham Cahan.

THE Italian ship had arrived, and the detention pen of the immigrant station was a bubbling maze of color. It was some time before I could get my bearings, and then one blotch of green stood out from the rest of the kaleidoscope. It was a young woman. As I approached her, I discovered that the reason I had picked her out of the whole chromatic jumble was that she was the only person in the motley throng whose costume was of a single color. The other women were dressed in several hues each. She alone wore a skirt, a waist, a huge summer hat, satin shoes and cotton gloves, all of the same glaring emerald.

She was about twenty-two, slender, with a pert little mouth and cutting black eyes. Several girls were talking to her, rather effusively, I thought, but an occasional smile or nod was all the answer she made. She was all dignity and reserve, and when she caught me eying her, she threw her head slightly back and lowered her eyes grandly. Several government employees and two clerks of the Italian Immigration Bureau were calling out names, writing, shouting, sorting immigrants. They were all hoarse and exhausted. As one of them saw me scanning the girl in green, he paused long enough to tell me that she was a bride married by proxy. These vicarious marriages, where the bridegroom is too busy making money in America to go home for his wife, are not an uncommon occurrence in Italy; but I had never seen such a bride before, so I lost no time in making Philomena's acquaintance, and asking her whether she knew what her husband looked like.

She proved more intelligent than I had thought she was. The majestic stiffness of her bearing gave way, and I was disappointed to find her a clever, practical city girl. She smiled a delightful, sensible smile, and said:

"No, but I have seen his picture, and my mother knew him before he went to America."

"Who stood up for him?" I asked.

"Antonio, his younger brother. Roberto could not come, but Antonio could," she answered.

I tried to be serious, but I must have failed, for she added, by way of argument:

"Are the girls who marry for love all happy? The great thing is to be sure that your husband is a respectable man and doesn't drink. Mother knows Roberto's people, and she says there is not a bad man among them. We were in no hurry about this match either. Roberto had heard of me from our village people, so he wrote to us, and we wrote back and made sure that everything was all right. He owns a big barber-shop in Amer-

"ROBERTO . . . OWNS A BIG BARBER-SHOP IN AMERICA."

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ica, and he is only thirty-four years old. Mother remembers when he was born."

I urged that it would have been fairer to Roberto if she had come over unmarried and given him a chance to attend his own wedding, but the bride said that her mother wouldn't let her go otherwise than as his wife.

"I cannot trust my daughter so far," the old woman had said to Antonio. "If your brother means business let him send you the papers, so that you may marry her for him."

Antonio had gone to fetch his brother. Presently Philomena's name was called. She gave a start, and coloring deeply, asked:

"Have they come around?"

"Yes. Go ahead and see if you like your husband," said an elderly official, with a fatherly smile.

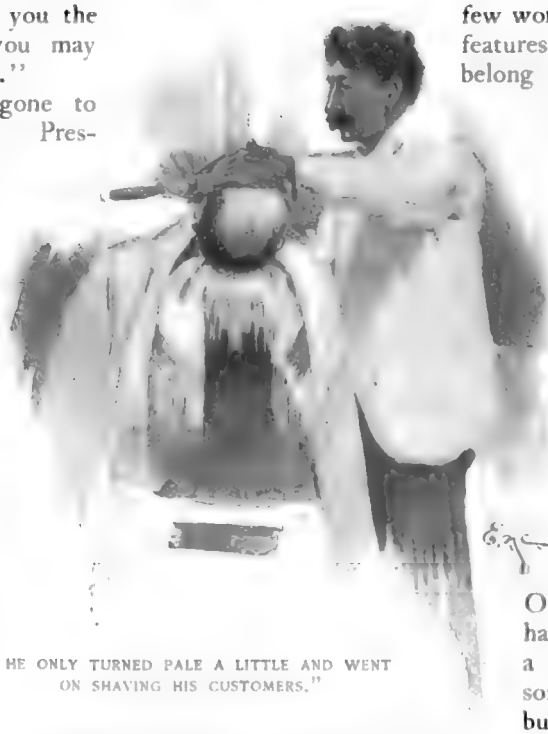
The crowd parted, reverently. The wire gate swung open. Philomena grasped her bulging sack and, followed by me, she went with the clerk into the waiting-room.

"That's she, the one with the sack!" shouted a voice, in Italian.

As Philomena, hugging the portly sack, her face fire-red with excitement, was making her way down the aisle, a stocky young fellow seized her burden from her hands. At the same time an older and taller man stepped up, with a glistening, shamefaced grin, embraced the bride, and gave her two hurried kisses. Then the three passed out into the street. They stopped near the elevated station, and for some time husband and wife stood talking and smiling, but scarcely looking at one another.

"They are bashful," said Antonio to me. "But they'll get used to it. It was I who stood up for him in Italy," he added, with some pride.

He was the fresher and the better-looking of the two, but he had a weaker and less interesting face than his brother. Roberto had the observant eye and general look of a thoughtful man of few words, while Antonio's features were those which belong to people who talk and laugh more than they think or feel.



"HE ONLY TURNED PALE A LITTLE AND WENT ON SHAVING HIS CUSTOMERS."

Months had passed. The current of flitting impressions had long since carried Philomena and her husband out of my mind, when one day I was accosted by Antonio in front of the Metropolitan Opera House. He had been haggling with a fat speculator for some gallery tickets, but he was so anxious to talk to me that he hurriedly paid the man his price and joined me.

"You remember Philomena, the wife I brought back for my brother?" he asked. "She gave him lots of trouble, but she loves him now. It was a wine-woman who fixed it all. She is the best fortune-teller you ever saw. She charged my brother a good price for the job, though. He had to pay for lots of potions, and for a dozen of fifty-cent bottles of wine besides. You can get the stuff for twenty-five anywhere you want. But she settled the matter in fine style, I can tell you that."

The "wine-woman," as I gathered

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"THAT'S SHE . . ." SHOUTED A VOICE IN ITALIAN.

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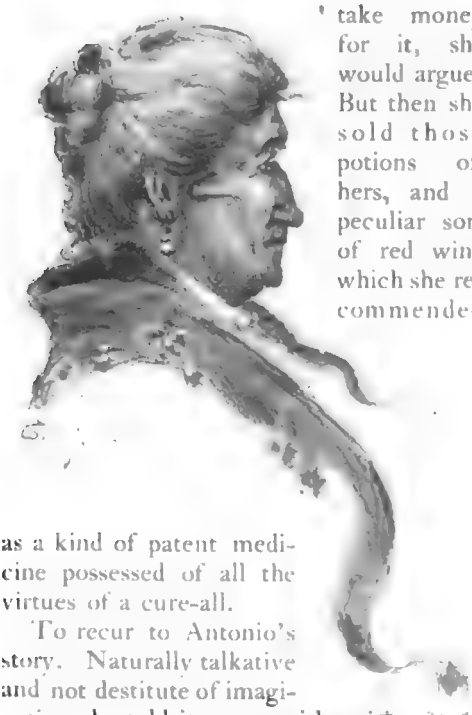
from Antonio, was a shrewd matron with a considerable knowledge of human nature. She was quite well known in one of the Italian quarters of Brooklyn. Her advertised business was fortune-telling, but she was a successful matchmaker and a professional "advice-giver" into the bargain. I subsequently called at her house, but whether by "ill luck," as Antonio put it, or because she fought shy of "the American who writes for the papers," as his brother suggested, my repeated efforts to obtain an interview with her proved futile. I learned from those who knew her that she was a large, bony, gray-haired woman with kindly black eyes, and that her *clientèle* was made up of a rather limited number of Italian immigrants, who at once revered and cursed her. She was looked upon as a sort of modernized sorceress. Women applied to her for potions against childlessness or the indifference of their husbands; fruit venders sought her advice in matters of business or matrimony. All this she "almost gave away." One's wisdom was the gift of God, so it was a sin to take money for it, she would argue. But then she sold those potions of hers, and a peculiar sort of red wine which she recommended as a kind of patent medicine possessed of all the virtues of a cure-all.



To recur to Antonio's story. Naturally talkative and not destitute of imagination, he told it to me with spirit and vividness, and if it was somewhat incoherent at times, I often came to his assistance with leading questions.

"The trouble began about an hour after we left you in front of the Barge Office," he said. "In the car, going to the Brooklyn Bridge, Philomena sat silent, like that [Antonio lowered his head and dropped his eyes]. My brother, he looked at her and smiled, but he said nothing. So I said: 'Why don't you talk, you two? You have been bashful long enough.' Well, it was no go. She was silent and wouldn't raise her head, and he never said a word to her. 'Oh, you are a pair of fools,' said I. I thought it would all wear off, but I was mistaken.

"When we got home (my brother had furnished out four rooms in royal style, and I was to be their boarder), I thought to myself I would go away and leave my bashful young couple alone. When I came back in the evening, Roberto entered my room, pale as death. 'I'm lost, Antonio,' says he. 'After you went away she sat a little while on the lounge and then began to cry. I went up to her and tried to say nice things to her, but she moved away, and told me she wanted to go back to Italy. "I didn't know you looked like that. I want to go home," she said.'

"Well, signore, I took her out for a walk, and tried to reason with her, but it was no use. 'He's your husband,' I said. 'God and the Holy Mother have wedded you to him, and it's a sin to back out. By and by you'll get to like him, for he has a heart of gold, and everybody is fond of him, so you'll get used to Roberto and be fond of him, too.' That's what I said. But she said: 'No, I'll never be fond of him.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because I don't want to,' said she. 'I used to think a girl could get herself to like any man, provided he was her husband, but I was a big fool. Oh, I'm so miserable. Holy Mother, take pity on poor me.' And she would begin to sob till I felt sorry for her. 'I thought he looked like you. Why didn't you tell me he looked much older and different?'"

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PHILOMENA.

This Antonio quoted with a frown, and dropping his voice somewhat.

"Did she care for you?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, no. I know what you mean, signore. You think she was in love with me, don't you? The wine-woman thought so, too. No, signore. Not at all. She told me so herself. 'You think I'm dead stuck on you?' she said. 'May the Holy Virgin never let me see my mother again if I am.' That's what she said."

"Would you marry her, if she were free?"

"If she were free I might, for she's a real nice girl. But she is my brother's legal wife, and so she was from the day I stood up for him; and my brother and I, we never had a quarrel in our life. I could not bear to see his sufferings. Philomena would not live with him, so he hired her a furnished room in another house. He paid five dollars a month for the room alone. As to board, she got the best of everything, and he paid for it all without a murmur.

"And yet she would not even let him call on her. He sent her flowers and candy. Well, she ate the candy all right, but the flowers she sometimes put into a glass of water and sometimes threw away angrily. 'Tell your brother he can't buy me with a bunch of tulips,' she once said to me with tears. 'Let him send me home. It's no use. I feel I can never like him. I'm so young, and he could almost be my father. If he doesn't send me home, I'll go out to service and save money for a ticket.'

"She is so smart that when she talked everybody felt sorry for her, and said she was right. Somebody told her a man who knew all about American laws and all Italian laws said my brother couldn't compel her to be his wife, because in this country, he said, ladies come first, and the government don't care a penny for a wedding that takes place in a church unless the bridegroom and the bride are both present. Philomena was so excited that day that she couldn't eat anything. 'I just knew the ceremony was nonsense,' she said, frisking around and singing. You remember those eyes of hers? Didn't they shine! 'I am free as a bird,' she shouted.

"When my brother heard of it, he said nothing. He only turned pale a little, and went on shaving his customers. He was very busy, and he would just stand shaving, shaving, shaving. He hardly spoke. The customers never suspected what was passing in his heart. They only asked why he looked so sad. But I am his brother, so I knew that his heart was like this [Antonio clenched his fist, while his face depicted violent pain and despair]. Even to me he did not talk much, but he just continued sending her roses and violets and carna-

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tions and tulips, and went on shaving, shaving, shaving. Oh, it breaks my heart to think of it. He was pale as a dead man, his eyes were sunken, and he ate hardly anything, and only stood behind his chair shaving his customers and saying nothing.

"Philomena told the priest who confessed her all about it. He, too, said that according to the American law she was not married, but she had vowed before the altar to love my brother and to be his wife, and on this point the priest would not give her any definite answer. All he would say was: 'What made you do that before you saw him? It all comes of those proxy marriages.' 'May I marry somebody else, father?' she asked. But that priest, he would say neither yes nor no. So Philomena was going to call on another priest, in New York, when she received a letter from her mother, telling her that if she broke her vow and went back on her husband, God would punish her, and she, her mother, wouldn't be her mother any more. Philomena began to cry again. She kept it going for hours.

"Then it was that her landlady whispered to her: 'Philomena, go and lay your woes before the wine-woman.' She did. The wine-woman gave her a potion, and told her everything would be all right. Philomena got mad and said potions were humbug. 'I want you to advise me how to become an unmarried girl again, and here you give me this stuff.' Well, the fortune-teller didn't get angry. Not a bit. She only smiled and told her to call again in a week, and then she went to see my brother. 'You want the lass to love you and be your wife, don't you?' she said. 'If you do, drink this wine. There is something in it that will settle it all. Another thing, send away Antonio, and tell him never to come near the lassie until I tell him to do so. Also, stop sending her flowers and candy. Don't show yourself, do you hear? Leave everything to me.'"

From the mass of disconnected detail with which Antonio interlarded this part of his narrative, I could not help inferring that the fortune-teller had gone into the scheme as much from love of the art, from a sincere interest in the case, as for the money she saw in it. I could also see that Roberto held her potions in but very light esteem, and submitted to her, in a half-jocular way, from sheer helplessness and despair.

The next thing the shrewd old woman did was to tell Philomena that Roberto had been to consult her in her match-making capacity, and that she had arranged an interview between him and the daughter of a Mulberry Street banker.

"The old witch told Philomena it was all her doing," Antonio went on, admiringly. 'You'll soon be out of trouble, Philomena,' she consoled her. 'I've fixed him. I've administered to him a

Antonio

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brand new potion that made him fall in love with the daughter of his banker before he knew it. She's the nicest and richest girl on Mulberry Street, you know. He'll soon be begging you to call the marriage off. See if he don't.' That's the way the sly old fox spoke. Well, at first Philomena answered she was glad, although the wine-woman says her face turned yellow as the rind of a cheese. She asked to see me, Philomena, and when she was told I was out of town, and a couple of days passed and there came neither flowers nor candy, she began to say hard things about Roberto. Oh, she was awfully angry at him. And the more she heard of the banker's daughter, the more angry she got. Do you understand the trick that foxy creature played on her, signore? Well, the poor girl did not sleep nights. She didn't cry, but she was always out of humor, and complaining that she was all alone in the world.

"One day the old witch said to her: 'Philomena, we are going to have it fixed so that you will be free from Roberto, and can go home next week. We'll pay for the ticket. He is anxious to be engaged to that girl I've told you about.' When Philomena heard that, she got wild. 'He has no right to!' she cried. 'I'm going to call in a policeman.'

"Well, the crafty old thing played her game until she had the poor child on her knees, begging her to send Roberto back to her. She's a smart girl, Philomena, but you see she was jealous, and jealousy, the wine-woman says, could have made a fool of Solomon the Wise. That was the way she was brought around and consented to be his wife, and now that they have lived four months together, she says she loves him like the eyes in her head. 'I was a capricious, silly girl,' she says. 'I didn't know what I wanted. He's my predestined one, and a sweet little dear.' That's what she tells everybody—my brother told me so. I saw him yesterday."

"Why, don't you see Philomena?" I asked.

"The wine-woman, she says I had better keep away another couple of months. I'm satisfied. I'm so glad she loves Roberto, and he's out of his trouble. We are very fond of each other, he and I. Better brothers you never saw," he concluded, with a touch of melancholy in his voice.

The next day, after my first unsuccessful attempt to see the fortune-teller, I called at Roberto's barber-shop. It was a large, clean, well-appointed place, aglow with mirrors and dazzling fixtures, like all shops of its kind and class, and it included a good-sized cigar stand. I found Philomena behind the counter, her green jacket replaced by a silk shirt-waist of red and white, which well became her. Neither she nor Roberto recognized me. She waited on me with a dignified self-consciousness which I thought charming, and when I remembered myself to her, she brightened up and introduced me to her husband.

He smiled, the joyous smile of a man of few words, and said:

"Would you believe it? At first she wouldn't have me, and when she thought better of it, the first thing she asked for was to let her attend to the cash. She makes a good business woman, though."

Philomena screwed up her face fondly.

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How a Famous Actor got his Start.

MR. CRANE AS DAVID HARUM.

By William H. Crane,

Creator of the part of "David Harum."

IT falls to the lot of most actors to give advice to aspirants for stage honors, and as I think of the number of letters that I have received within the past year from all sorts of people, from railroad clerks to cooks, I conclude that I am no exception to the rule.

I was born in Leicester, Mass., though my recollection of the event is somewhat vague. What I do remember is that when I was fourteen or fifteen I went to work in a Boston music store. As in all towns, and like all boys, myself and my companions in Leicester had our amateur theatrical company, of which I was chief vocalist. Add to this learning which came from being in the church choir at a very early age, and one can see how it was that, though I brought to Boston not much culture, I had a substitute in a voice of unquestionable power. It cost me my position, but I still stand up for it. It *was* a good voice—of its kind.

After listening to my performances three months (I had plenty of leisure, and would spend my time in the room back of the music store singing and dancing) my employer decided that he wasn't paying me enough money for so beautiful a voice—or something of that sort—and he let me go. He didn't tell me that I was discharged: he just put his arm around me and gave me a lot of lovely advice, told me how much it pained him to part with me, showed me how necessary it was for my own good, gave me my salary, and bidding me good-by with tears in his eyes, hoped I would come in from time to time and let him know of my progress. It wasn't until I got home and began to relate to my father the beautiful manner in which my employer and I had parted that it dawned on me that I had been "fired."

The Holman Opera Troupe was very popular at this time, and one of the members of the family, a boy about my age, became very fond of me, and would frequently take me to the theatre where the troupe was playing. Despite the fact that this precious voice of mine had cost me one job, I still sang night and day, no matter what else I might be doing, and when the vocal music failed fully to express the ecstatic condition of my soul, I would break out in a dance. During one of these attacks I was observed by Mr. Holman, my young friend's father. He asked me if I wouldn't like to accompany the troupe on its tour. Naturally I was more than de-

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lighted. He said that he could pay no salary, but would provide me with clothes, food, etc. He hinted at a great future if I should prove deserving, and thus at the age of seventeen I began my stage career with the Holman Troupe, without salary and without experience, but with a determination, boy-like, to be the "whole show some day."

My part was very small in the beginning, but (and here's where my doctrine of "hard work" commenced) I studied nearly every one else's part in the company, knowing that this knowledge would have its use before long. One night as we were getting ready to go on with the show, word was received that young Holman, my friend, was very sick and unable to come to the theatre. This contingency had not been provided for, and the manager was in a quandary. Then I came forward and volunteered my services.

DAVID HARUM PHILOSOPHIZES.

"You say you know this part," he said. "How did you come to learn it?"

"I repeated it over to myself while it was being sung on the stage," I replied.

"But why did you learn this particular part?"

"I have learned every part in the play," I answered.

He looked at me in a manner that implied considerable doubt, but as there was nothing else to do he let me go on, and so it came about that I made my first hit as the notary in "The Child of the Regiment." The next week I was informed that hereafter I would receive a salary, and would be given speaking parts in all productions.

I saw my star in the ascendant, but that only made me more ambitious. I kept my eye on the leading rôles, and in the same way got a further opening. After being with the Holmans seven years I received an offer from the Oates Opera Company; that meant a good salary and a prominent part. I took it, though not regretting my seven years of apprenticeship, hard as it had been. Young men who expect to jump right in and become stars during their first engagements hardly know the amount of work done by an actor in those days. There was hardly a night that I did not appear in the three operas or plays put on, and one time, I remember, after singing the impressive Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust," I had to black up and do a song-and-dance act in a short "sketch."

For two years I toured the country, and then, in 1876, I played Le Blanc, the notary, in Rice's "Evangeline," both the play and the part being big successes. After the phenomenal run of the piece was over, some one said I had luck to get such a part; but here again I insist it was not so much luck as hard work that made the part attractive. I would go home every night after the show was over and sit up until early morning, working out new verses for my topical songs, and then spend the next day rehearsing them. And I got my reward.

It was a year after this that I met Stuart Robson, and more than twenty years later that I undertook the creation of the part of David Harum, which I am playing now, and which the public has been good enough to stamp with its mark of approval and success.

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"A Green Christmas."

By Edwin Asa Dix,

Author of "Deacon Bradbury."

LITTLE old Mrs. Delane walked up the village street, in the soft June evening, until she came to the Bradbury gate. The summer stillness was broken only by the ceaseless antiphonies of the crickets and the katydids.

Ex-deacon Bradbury and his wife were sitting on their side piazza, enjoying the peace following the labors of the day. As Mrs. Delane clicked open the gate and came up the path, the farmer went down the three low piazza steps to meet and greet her.

"Good-evenin', 'Tilda," called Mrs. Bradbury cordially, rising as her visitor came up the steps. "Set right down in this cheer. Been a warm day, ain't it?"

"Yes, pretty warm, I call it," assented Mrs. Delane.

"Looks as ef we was goin' t' hev a spell of it, too," observed the deacon, taking a seat on the steps. "Those katydids are uncommon loud t'-night, an' thet's a pretty sure sign."

"Nathan an' I 've been wonderin' whether they ever *do* git tired o' contradictin' each other," his wife remarked. "There's two out in that tree thet's been talkin' back an' forth f'r over twenty minutes, now. One says Katy did, an' the other says she didn't, an' they don't seem t' be any nearer a c'nclusion than when they started."

"They don't bring up any argyments thet I c'n see, either," added Mr. Bradbury humorously. "Jest bandy it back an' forth as ef they was husband an' wife, y' know."

"Why, Nathan, what an idee!" ejaculated Mrs. Bradbury.

Mrs. Delane laughed. "Which began it?" she asked jestingly.

"Th' husband did," Mrs. Bradbury answered promptly. "At least, it's th' one with th' biggest voice. Thet's him answerin' now."

"Loudest voice don't prove 'twas th' husband," sagely commented the ex-deacon.

"She said biggest, not loudest," corrected the visitor, ready to defend her sex.

"Well, anyway, th' other one gits th' last word, right along," he said. "You listen, now. Hear thet?"

Mrs. Delane yielded the contest a little absently. Her mind was bent on other things.

"Y' 've got a nice porch here, Martha," she said, looking around her in the dusk, which was illumined only by a lamp in the sitting-room, visible through the screen-door. "I allers liked this piazza o' yours."

"It's a shame y' shouldn't hev a little one on your house, too," said her hostess warmly.

Mrs. Delane sighed.

"Well," she said, "I'm allers allowin' I'll hev one put on, every year; an' then, when summer comes 'round, I kind o' find I can't afford it after all."

A cosy little front porch had long been one of gentle Mrs. Delane's two most cherished desires. The hall door of her small house opened directly on her front grass-plat, and there was no place to "set out," as she was wont to say.

She was never given to complaining, however, and now changed the subject.

"Martha," she said, "I came 'round t' ask ye ef y' 'll do a little roastin' f'r me in your kitchen range, nex' week Tuesday."

"Roastin'? Why, 'course I will," returned the other readily. She was a trifle surprised. "Anythin' goin' on?"

"Tom's comin' home f'r six weeks," the caller said with satisfaction and pride.

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"I hed a letter t'-day. He gits here about th' end o' this week, 'cordin' t' th' way th' steamer makes it at Boston."

"Tom comin'? Sho!" ejaculated husband and wife almost together. "It's a long trip f'r him, all th' way fr'm Brazil."

"Well, he ain't been home sence he fust went away, y' must remember. Six years this month."

"Don't seem possible it's so long," Mrs. Bradbury said.

"No, it don't," added the farmer. "How time does git away with us!"

"It's seemed thet long t' me, I c'n tell ye," rejoined Mrs. Delane, with a little tremor in her voice. "He went away th' year after th' war, y' know. Ef it hedn't been f'r Sister Caroline comin' t' live with me, it 'd 've seemed longer yit."

"Six years *is* long, you poor 'Tildy," Mrs. Bradbury said, not without an involuntary sigh at the thought of her own absent son, who had left home under a cloud the year before.

"Tom's jest hed an advance," went on little Mrs. Delane proudly, "an' th' railroad people told him he c'd hev a two-months vacation fust. Mr. Fillmore's been mighty good to him."

"Great thing, Mr. Fillmore's takin' him up so, on th' railroad at Hingham, an' then takin' him with him when he went to Rio," said Mr. Bradbury. "An' so y' 're goin' t' kill th' fatted calf, an' want Martha t' help ye roast it?"

"I'm goin' t' kill the fatted turkey."

"Turkey?"

"Yes. An' my range ain't big enough f'r a big roast, y' know." A larger range was Mrs. Delane's other most cherished desire. "I kind o' hate t' ask ye, Martha," she added shamefacedly.

"Why, nonsense, 'Tilda," rejoined the other warmly. "I'll be only too glad t' help ye."

"'*Tis* a sort of extry occasion, ain't it?"

"I sh'd say it was! We'll jest help ye every way we know. But—turkey, y' said?" Mrs. Bradbury was plainly surprised at the choice for a midsummer banquet.

"Yes," returned her visitor defiantly, "turkey. Turkey with dressin' an' stuffin'. An' onions an' squash an' cranberry an' pertaters; an' cider; and mince pies an' a big plum-pudd'n!"

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed her hostess. "Why, it's a reg'lar Christmas dinner."

"Thet's jest what it's t' be—a Christmas dinner," replied Mrs. Delane, with great decision. "I've got it all thought out."

"But—" began the ex-deacon, as puzzled as his wife.

"I've thought it all out," repeated their caller, who was evidently full of her project. "Y' see, Tom, he lives south of th' line."

"South o' th' line?" repeated Mr. Bradbury vaguely. "Why, yes. Brazil's below th' equator, o' course. What's thet got t' do with it?"

"Well, y' see, th' seasons down there's allers jest th' other way fr'm th' way they air here. Tom he's often written me all 'bout it. Winter's summer an' summer's winter."

"Yes, I know thet," assented the still mystified deacon.

"Well, then o' course Christmas and all th' other days changes, too. Thet stan's t' reason, don't it? It's winter there now, an' their Christmas is th' twenty-fifth o' this month—nex' week Tuesday," concluded Mrs. Delane, triumphantly.

This was a totally new idea to her listeners. There was a moment's pause.

"Air ye sure 'bout thet, 'Tilda?" inquired Mr. Bradbury, dubiously. "I hain't ever heared of any sech thing."

"'Course I'm sure," she returned with positiveness.

"D' y' mean," asked Mrs. Bradbury, "thet all th' other days are changed too?"

"Sartin," averred the other. "Thanksgivin' an'—an'—Fourth o' July, an'—an'——"

"Sakes!" interjected Mrs. Bradbury. "I' think o' firin' off crackers in January!"

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"Guess y' 're wrong 'bout th' Fourth, ain't ye, 'Tildy?" grinned the deacon. "I don't b'lieve they——"

"No, I ain't. Fourth o' July, an' Washin'ton's Birthday, an' everythin'—all jest moved around six months. An' I'm goin' t' give Tom a reg'lar good Christmas dinner, same as he'd git there."

Mrs. Delane was so sure of her ground, and so interested in her novel plan, that they soon saw that it would be useless to question her conclusions; so they entered into the plan with hearty interest, and Mrs. Delane unfolded all her ideas.

"'Twas too bad we didn't know Tom was comin'," she said, "b'fore Sister Caroline decided she'd make thet visit in Iowy this summer. O' course she wouldn't 've gone, an' I wouldn't 've been alone. But what I've done is this: Soon as Tom's letter came, this mornin', I thought it over, an' set down an' wrote t' Cousin Mirandy White, up in Halstead, t' hev Addie—y' remember her daughter Addie?—t' hev her come down here, this week, an' help me with all this dinner, an' with th' work while Tom's here."

"Thet's a good notion, 'Tilda," approved Mrs. Bradbury. "I r'member Addie some, when her mother used t' bring her here on visits, six or eight years ago. Addie was 'leven or twelve. She was pritty as a picter, I used t' think."

"She is now, f'r thet matter. I was visitin' there last summer, y' know. But what's more t' th' p'int, she's quick an' handy as c'n be; an' vacations, when she ain't teachin', she helps her mother lots. She's jest th' one."

"An' so y' 're goin' t' bake, too?"

"Yes, I got my suet this mornin', an' bought my raisins an' things, an' I calc'late t' git t' work th' minute Addie comes."

"Well, it's jest a splendid idee, 'Tildy. We'll all help ye every way we kin."

"I shan't need much help, Martha, thank ye," Mrs. Delane replied with pleased self-sufficiency; "'cept 'bout th' roastin', as I said. Oh, yes, though, there *is* one other thing." She looked down toward Mr. Bradbury hesitatingly. "Ef Nathan 'd lend me his man Abner f'r a little while t'-morrow or nex' day, t' go out t' th' woods with me an' git some greens."

"Greens?" quoth the farmer, newly surprised.

"Yes, o' course. Evergreens. I wouldn't hev a Christmas without greens. I'm goin' t' make wreaths an' streamers, an' fix in some holly ef there's any, an' b'sides, I'm goin' t' hev a reg'lar Christmas tree."

"You air, 'Tildy?" they ejaculated, still unable to follow out all the requirements of the transplanted holiday. "Right in summer weather like this?"

"'Tain't summer down there. It's winter. An' Tom shan't lose his Christmas f'r comin' home t' see his mother."

"Well, now, 'Tilda," said Mr. Bradbury, in his large, warm-hearted way, "ef it comes t' thet, Abner an' I'll git ye all th' greens y' want, an' be glad to. Don't you bother a bit. An' what's more," he went on with a new thought, "Mart an' Emmie 'll make up th' wreaths f'r ye. Y' know they made up consider'ble of 'em last winter, an' sent 'em down t' Boston t' sell. Got quite a little pin-money out of it, too," he added with a father's pride; "an' th' dealers wrote how pretty an' well-made th' things were."

Mrs. Delane was pleased at this idea, and accepted the suggestion gratefully. She remained some time longer, discussing her plan with these old and tested friends; and when she took her leave, she felt that she saw her course clearly before her.

The news of the coming visit of Tom Delane and of the midsummer Christmas preparations soon spread through the village, and aroused the extremest interest. Tom, with his jolly, hearty, if rather unconventional ways, and his laughing, handsome face, had always been a favorite in Felton, and many had been the regrets when he went away, a well-built lad of eighteen, to take the untried but promising position in the southern continent. Tom was a good boy, and though his salary had hitherto been small, he had regularly sent his mother a portion of his earnings. His

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father had left his mother a little money at interest; and her sister Caroline, who now lived with her, had a little; so that Mrs. Delane managed very comfortably, though she never could get far enough ahead to provide the larger kitchen range she so much desired, nor to build that coveted little front porch.

Everybody in Felton was glad to hear of Tom's home-coming, and anticipated eagerly his narratives of life in far-off Brazil. But this thought took a subordinate place beside that of Mrs. Delane's novel plan for a holiday celebration in June. For the two or three days following her interview with the Bradburys, callers were numerous at the little white house. Some came to satisfy their curiosity or assure themselves that the old lady was really in earnest; others came to tender their aid in the preparations, or to offer certain stored-away preserves or some choice brandy for the plum-pudding—all of which offers Mrs. Delane gratefully but firmly declined, feeling a pride in being able to carry out all her plans independently. A few remonstrated with her concerning these plans, attempting to convince her that her Christmas theory was an error; but they quickly discerned the uselessness of this, and, in fact, her own earnest arguments and her certainty that she was right brought some of the dissenters to her own way of thinking. Even the warnings of several about a green Christmas making a fat churchyard fell on deaf ears.

"It's most likely snowin' in Rio," Mrs. Delane said stoutly.

Addie White arrived on Thursday—a fresh-faced maiden of seventeen or eighteen, with roguish eyes, and a rare ability for "taking hold," and with a charming enthusiasm for other people's undertakings which forbade her from bringing up school-book arguments against the older woman's plan. Both fell to, in the kitchen, with ardor. The evenings were devoted to decorating the parlor, which was to be shut off before Tom's arrival, until the great day itself. The Bradbury girls outdid themselves in fashioning artistic designs in wreaths and evergreen streamers, and the little room underwent a great transformation, the decorations being festooned everywhere. Mr. Bradbury and Abner brought in a fine and shapely tree, which filled an entire corner and had to be cut shorter before it could stand upright. They secured this firmly in a stout butter-tub, with cross-pieces, and with two side-stays running to the walls. Mischievous Emmeline had actually found a bit or two of ancient mistletoe, and surreptitiously fastened some on an overhanging branch of the tree and some among the overhead decorations.

Several little gifts which Mrs. Delane had for some time been preparing for this long-anticipated visit were now produced and examined—some knitted wool socks, a recent photograph of herself, in a cardboard frame decorated with acorn-shells, a volume of "Lives of the Presidents," sold by a travelling agent, a little book with mottoes for each day in the year, and a pair of dogskin gloves. Addie, who had always felt a small child's secret admiration for her manly boy-cousin—an admiration which was still unlessened though now purely traditional—contributed an embroidered pin-cushion and a pair of dainty bureau-mats. Mrs. Delane seemed determined, regardless of Tom's twenty-four lusty years, to make this holiday as like as possible to the dearly remembered ones of his boyhood. It was as a boy that she oftenest thought of him, and perhaps she wished to forget the years during which he had grown up before her eyes, as well as those during which he had been away. Perhaps she really failed to realize the changes they had worked. At all events, she forced Reed & Kemble to overhaul several little-used drawers and boxes in their store, in order to bring to light the small, colored wax-candles and tiny, glittering globes and tinsel paper and other tree-adornments which were usually sold only at holiday-time; and she bought some of Tom's favorite peppermint candy, white and red, which gave added variety and effect to the tree when the sticks were tied here and there among its branches.

As it happened, Tom's steamer was

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two or three days late, and it was not until the evening of Monday, the twenty-fourth, that his mother received a telegram from Boston announcing his arrival, and stating that he would reach Felton by the ten o'clock stage from Hingham the next morning. Mrs. Delane's regret at the vessel's delay had been tempered by the consideration of the vastly better opportunity it had afforded Addie and herself for carrying out their plans to the fullest effect without running the risk of revealing them to the returned wanderer. Her aim was to keep the entire Christmas idea a profound secret from Tom until the very evening of the twenty-fifth itself. To this end, the parlor, when all was in readiness, had been carefully locked up and the key put away; and every one in Felton had sacredly promised to keep the secret when they should see or meet Tom at any time before the occasion. Meantime, the baking and other culinary preparations had gone vigorously forward; and by Monday night all was prepared, and a large turkey, ready picked and cleaned, was in readiness to be taken over to the Bradburys in the morning, and there stuffed and roasted by good Mrs. Bradbury and her "help" 'Mandy. Mrs. Delane had several callers that evening, to see how things were going and to admire the parlor decorations and the tree; and she entertained them cheerfully. She was tired but happy.

The next morning brought Tom; and the mother found it difficult to realize, after all, that this was her boy—this big, hearty, fine-looking young man, with his well-fitting clothes and his deep voice. But the blue eyes were the same; and so was the frank laugh, and the "bear-hug" he gave her; and in a very few minutes the little sense of sudden strangeness wore off, and she and her boy were talking eagerly away, just as they used to do in the old days.

"I'm goin' t' call Addie, Tom," Mrs. Delane said finally. "Y' haven't seen her yit, an' I d'clare I've most f'rgot all about her, this last half hour."

"Addie? Little Addie White, do you mean?" queried he. "Is she here? Good. She always was a first-rater—a nice little girl, I mean."

"She ain't so very little now, any more 'n you be. I don' know but what she's improved most as much, too," said the mother fondly. "She's here t' help me while you're home. She went off to her room just as you came, an' I don't see what's kep' her."

Mrs. Delane went out and presently returned to the sitting-room with the truant. Tom gave a gasp of surprise.

"You're not really Addie White!" he exclaimed, rising as the girl entered. Going toward her, he took her hand. "It can't be, you know—really. Why, Addie's a curly-haired little girl whom I—whom I used to kiss."

From his admiring glances one would infer that he much regretted that the day for this had gone by.

The girl laughed, a trifle embarrassed, yet renewing her liking for this breezy young fellow at sight.

"You've changed too, Tom," she said. "I used to pull your hair, and I wouldn't dare to do it now."

He bent his head forward.

"I'll exchange one privilege for the other," he jested. "Pull away."

"Now, Tom, you hush," said his mother. "You're th' same old tease; ain't he, Addie? Now you set down there ag'in an' talk to Addie a spell; I've got t' see a little 'bout luncheon."

"Luncheon," echoed Tom disdainfully. "Don't you suppose I'm going to have a dinner appetite? Because I am, I warn you."

"Well, it'll hev t' hold over till six o'clock," answered his mother cheerfully. "We're goin' t' hev dinner at six t'-day."

"What's that for?"

"You'll know later," and she disappeared into the kitchen.

"Yes, but I'd rather know now," persisted Tom. "I never did like to wait to know anything. What is it, Addie?"

"Oh, I shan't tell you," smiled the girl. "Maybe it's only one of Aunt 'Tilda's ideas."

He was scrutinizing her openly.

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"How did you dare to grow up so?" he demanded. "I can't seem to find you, somehow. I don't approve of people's changing so. At least, I wouldn't, except that——"

"What have you been doing yourself?" she interrupted as they sat down.

"Oh, I haven't changed a scrap," he assured her. "I haven't, really. At heart, I mean. I'm just the same old romp, and you can pull my hair all you want to. But *you've* grown up, you see. I'll tell you: there used to be a little photograph of you on the parlor mantel; I know just where it stands. You gave it to me once. I'm going to get it and compare."

"Oh, never mind now," Addie cried quickly, as he sprang up and went to the parlor door. "There's no——"

But Tom had already grasped the knob, and was trying to open the door.

"What's the matter here?" he said. "I never knew this door to be locked."

"Oh, we locked it up for something—just for a few hours. Never mind the photograph."

"Yes, but I want it. I want to get in, too. What's the matter? I'd like to see that parlor. I know just how it looks."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Where's the key?"

"Do you always want to do what you can't?" inquired she demurely.

"Always!" he asserted. "The more I can't, the more I want to."

"Then you haven't changed much, after all, I see."

"Now, Addie, stop being saucy. Where's the key?"

"I know, but I shan't tell."

"It's in your pocket!" He came toward her. She sprang up, poised for flight, and their eyes met in merry comradeship.

"I'm going to have it," he warned her, and made a rush. But she had darted aside as he spoke. Round the centre-table she led him, and then through the kitchen past startled Mrs. Delane, and out-of-doors. Her slender figure sped before him, agile as a deer, and when he caught her, her saucy eyes flashed back defiance.

"Empty your pocket!" he commanded.

She pulled it inside out for him. There was nothing there save a handkerchief, fresh from the ironing-table.

He looked down at her as he held her by both shoulders a moment.

"Are you going to tell me where that key is?"

"No."

His eyes twinkled.

"I've met my match, have I?"

"You have, about this."

"You're the same Addie," he said, releasing her. "I'm going to keep that handkerchief, anyway"—deftly confiscating it from her hand—"till you give me the key."

They wandered in again, fast friends now and on the old boy-and-girl footing. Tom tried to find out from his mother the secret of the parlor, but she would give him no information, and his curiosity remained unsatisfied.

After luncheon he explored the village, meeting many old friends and renewing associations. All scrupulously guarded the secret of the evening, and gave no hint. Later in the day, Mrs. Delane proposed that he should take Addie for a drive to Westbury. She wanted him out of the way for the final preparations, and was pleased that the young man assented so promptly and readily.

The two returned about half-past five, and Tom went up to his room to unpack a little and to array himself for the evening meal. He vaguely felt that something was in the air, and for that or other reasons took particular pains with his toilet. Meanwhile Addie flew into another dress as soon as possible, and hurried down to help her aunt with the last touches for the table.

When Tom descended, punctually at six, and entered the sitting-room, he was rather surprised at finding no trace of preparations for supper, or, rather, dinner. The table was not spread, and, indeed, was not there at all. While he stood a moment at the window, looking out at the

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village street aglow in the full summer daylight, his mother entered.

"Dinner's ready," she said briskly. She came up to him, and his arm went lovingly around her waist. "Come."

"Come?" he echoed. "Come where? I don't see any signs of dinner."

"Well, just follow me, an' I'll show ye," she responded mysteriously, as she drew him after her.

He followed wonderingly toward the closed parlor door. She put her hand on the knob. This time the door was not fastened. She threw it open.

Tom stood there on the threshold and stared in simple amazement. The shutters of the parlor were closed tight, the shades drawn down, and the room was a blaze of light from lamps and candles. In the centre was the dining-table, bountifully spread. A huge turkey, smoking hot, lay on its back on a large platter, overshadowed by a tall vase of roses. It was flanked by numerous vegetable dishes whose contents vaguely suggested to him memories of Thanksgiving and other cold-weather dinners. He was now conscious also of a faint, diffused smell of hot plum-pudding from the kitchen behind him. Suspended over the mantelpiece was a large American flag, and hung upon it was a Prang motto—a new one in brilliant colors. Above the flag and overhead and everywhere in the room were wreaths and streamers and festoons, making a veritable bower of wintry green. And filling the entire corner opposite to him rose a glowing Christmas-tree, one great spangle of light and color and tinsel, every candle aflame and every ornament reflecting a myriad gleams.

Prettiest feature of all, to Tom's eyes, Addie White stood there before the flag in unconscious beauty awaiting their entrance.

Utterly amazed at the scene, the young man stood there gazing at it all. His mother watched him, brimful of delight. This was her great triumph.

"What does it all mean?" he uttered helplessly, as Addie smiled brightly back at him. His eyes roved a moment past her, and fastened on the Prang motto just above and behind where she stood. "Merry Christmas!" it said.

"Don't you see?" cried his mother. "Oh, Tom, it's your Christmas! I knew you were goin' t' miss it there, an' I was jest bound y' sh'd hev it, after all."

"My what!" ejaculated he.

"Don't ye know what day it is?"

"Why—let's see. It's the twenty-fifth of June."

"Well, then!" she finished exultingly.

"But—" His eyes caught Addie's, and something in her quick expression made him pause.

"I knew this was your Christmas time down there," went on Mrs. Delane, eagerly proud to display her knowledge of the reversed condition of the southern hemisphere; and she proceeded to explain all her plans and preparations with innocent gladness.

Tom's blue eyes found themselves strangely dim as she proceeded, and an unwonted lump arose in his throat. Nothing, perhaps, had ever touched him so deeply as did this holiday-decked room with its numberless evidences of loving forethought, its full-spread table, and his dear old mother beside him pouring forth her happy tale of welcome.

He turned and took her in his arms, and for a moment hid his face on her shoulder. He could not speak.

It would be hard adequately to describe that dinner and the evening which followed—how they ate and ate, from turkey through pie to steaming plum-pludding, talking meanwhile of everything that had happened to each of the three during all these years; how the table was then cleared away and Tom opened his presents; how he slipped upstairs a minute and returned with a fifty-dollar bill, which he put into his mother's hands.

"There, mother," he said. "That was something I was bringing home for you. This is the time to give it. That's for a little front porch and a new range. I know how long you've wanted both."

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Two incidents of the evening, however, may be chronicled.

Addie was detaching something from the tree to hand to him. Her slender, white-clad figure stood out picturesquely amid the dark green of the boughs. Her hair became entangled in a branch above her, and for an instant she was a prisoner. Tom sprang toward her.

"Here's the best present of all!" he cried, as he freed her. "Is this for me also, mother?" His eye fell again upon the branch that had caught her.

"Why, there's mistletoe on it, too!" he rang out, and catching his pretty cousin in his arms, he gave her a quick kiss.

The other incident relates to outside happenings. About an hour later, while they were still sitting before the tree, talking of everything at once, there was heard a distant jingle of bells out-doors, which gradually grew louder.

"What's that?" asked Tom, as they listened. "It sounds like sleigh-bells."

It *was* sleigh-bells. As they went to the little-used front door and peered out into the summer dusk, three great hay-wagons hove in sight, heralded by a deafening blare of tin trumpets and by bells on the harness of a dozen stout horses.

"Hooray! Merry Christmas!" yelled a chorus of voices as the wagons drew up in front of the Delane door. "Welcome home, Tom!" and the trumpets broke out again, while the entire band of merry-makers, old and young, scrambled down from the ricks and came toward the doorway. In front was the stalwart figure of Deacon Bradbury, while just behind him was Walt Hopkins, finely gotten up as Santa Claus and with a whole bag of small toys on his back. Following close came the others, elaborately attired, despite the heat, in heavy furs and woollens and winter mufflers of every kind, and plentifully besprent with minute scraps of newspaper torn fine to represent snow.

It was a unique scene, and one long to be remembered. The visitors cheered, and Tom cheered back. Then they grouped around the deacon, who had a fine baritone voice, and he led off in a Christmas glee, which they had all been surreptitiously practising in his barn for two or three evenings past. Then the Delanes made them all come into the house and take off their heavy wraps; and they trooped by detachments into the brilliant parlor, and viewed the goodly tree, whose candles were still burning sturdily, and Tom displayed his presents and his mother her fifty-dollar bill; and Mrs. Delane ransacked the pantry for doughnuts and crackers and cake, and made some fresh coffee; and Walt Hopkins, as Santa Claus, distributed his penny toys, amid great merriment; and Addie played on the melodeon in the sitting-room for the young people to dance; and finally they sang the glee over again, Tom joining in, and everybody wrung Tom's hand and said good-night to Mrs. Delane and Addie, and went shouting and tooting and jingling down the road again in the hay-wagons; and Tom stood in the doorway and watched them, with one arm clasping his mother, and the other absently slipped around Addie, and left there till she suddenly became conscious of the fact and moved away; and Mrs. Delane turned from the door with a sigh of content and the feeling that her holiday-making had been an unlimited success.

"Well," said Tom with a long breath, as he followed his mother and cousin into the sitting-room, "I'll never again believe in that yarn about bad luck going with a green Christmas."

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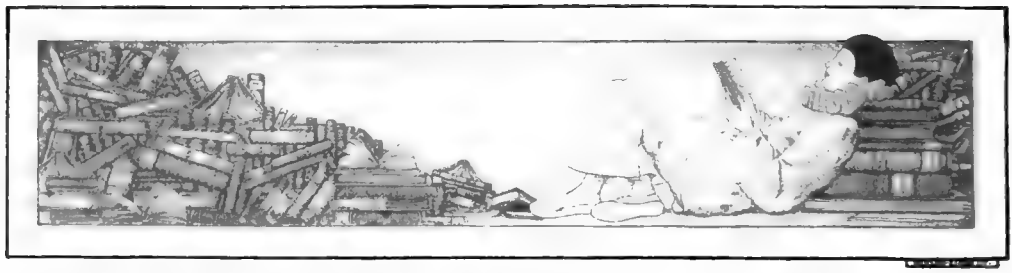

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the past month, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER'S PRICE
Eben Holden,	Irving Bacheller,	Lothrop Publishing Co., $1.50.
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box,	Henry Harland,	John Lane, $1.50.
The Master Christian,	Marie Corelli,	Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50.
Quisanté,	Anthony Hope,	Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50.
Tommy and Grisel,	J. M. Barrie,	Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50.
Unleavened Bread,	Robert Grant,	Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50.
A Friend of Caesar,	William Stearns Davis,	The Macmillan Co., $1.50.
Senator North,	Gertrude Atherton,	John Lane, $1.50.
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edwin Caskoden,	The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50.
Mistress Penwick,	Dutton Payne,	R. F. Fenno & Co., $1.50.
The Reign of Law,	James Lane Allen,	The Macmillan Co., $1.50.
The Redemption of David Corson,	Charles Frederic Goss,	The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50.
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim,	Frances Hodgson Burnett,	Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50.
Bob, Son of Battle,	Alfred Ollivant,	Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25.
Expansion,	Josiah Strong,	Baker & Taylor Co., $1.00.
The Farringdons,	Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler,	D. Appleton & Co., $1.50.
Dr. North and His Friends,	S. Weir Mitchell,	The Century Co., $1.50.
Eleanor,	Mrs. Humphry Ward,	Harper & Bros., $1.50 and $3.00.
The Circular Study,	Anna Katherine Green,	McClure, Phillips & Co., $1.25.
The Idiot-at-Home,	John Kendrick Bangs,	Harper & Bros., $1.25.
The Martyrdom of an Empress,		Harper & Bros., $2.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes,	Maurice Thompson,	The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50.
Later Love Letters of a Musician,	Myrtle Reed,	G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.75.
The Wall Street Point of View,	Henry Clews,	Silver, Burdett & Co., $1.50.
America's Economic Supremacy,	Brooks-Adams,	The Macmillan Co., $1.25.
Oliver Cromwell,	Theodore Roosevelt,	Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00.
Elizabeth and Her German Garden,		The Macmillan Co., $1.75.
China, The Long Lived Empire,	E. R. Scidmore,	The Century Co., $2.50.
Chinese Characteristics,	Arthur H. Smith,	Fleming H. Revell Co., $1.25.
Village Life in China,	Arthur H. Smith,	Fleming H. Revell Co., $2.00.
China in Transformation,	Archibald R. Colquhoun,	Harper & Bros., $3.00.

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A popular magazine naturally belongs with this organization for supplying the needs of a great army of active readers, and we have set ourselves the task of building up in character and in circulation an illustrated magazine of our own and of the best type.

The editorial equipment and publishing plans have been modeled upon a liberal and effective basis. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE will be patriotic and American in spirit and interest. Literary distinction will be enhanced by good paper, artistic printing and interesting illustration. It will be a magazine for the home.

The first edition of this number is 100,000 copies and we hope to double this at once when the Magazine has had a chance to speak for itself.

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Some Editorial Plans for 1901

WINNING THE MEDAL OF HONOR

True Stories of American Heroism

By CARL HOVEY

There have been many tales of brave deeds by our countrymen, but this series of stories (which begins in the December issue and is continued next month with "Ginley and the Gun") is quite unique. Ever since the Civil War Congress has officially recognized deeds of "conspicuous bravery in action" by the award of a Medal of Honor, and the official testimony in these cases has been drawn on as the foundation of these dramatic narratives. It is the richest storehouse of heroic acts in existence.

THE MAKING OF A COUNTRY HOME—By J. P. M."

To possess a home, a real country place of their own, is the dream of many thousands of people. A large proportion of these, by reason of their work or lack of means cherish the thought as one of the many things ardently wished for, but impossible, unless the wheel of Fortune should give another turn. The author of these charming articles, however, shows that it is not necessary to be rich in order to enjoy these delights. When the subject was first broached to him (his widely noticed papers in the *Evening Post* having shown that he possessed the rarest capabilities for the task) he wrote as follows :

> "Let me say that your suggestion of a series of articles on the making of a country home strikes me squarely in the joints of the marrow. I have dragged at that teat with the practical pull of a bull calf for twelve years—not in print but in the furrow and on the terrace. My problem was, How can a man of moderate income, rather tired of city life, secure the freedom, the comfort, and the patriarchal airs of a landed proprietor without reaching the bankrupt list or arriving in the insane asylum? . . . . I have worked that problem out . . . . The consequence has been that many of my old confreres, with more money than I, have enjoyed my hospitality with a very delightful wonder as to how I did it. There are thousands of men and women who would be delighted to be told how to do it."

That these articles, therefore, prepared not from theory, but actual experience, will be practical and will really help the average man, dependent on his work for a living, in each step towards the acquisition of a country home, need hardly be stated. They will

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form a continuous narrative, will be elaborately illustrated and will run through at least six or eight issues of EVERYBODY'S, approximately, as follows:

I. CHOOSING THE SITE.
II. HOUSE BUILDING AND BUYING.
III. PLUMBING AND FURNISHING.
IV. MAKING ROADS, LAWNS AND GROUNDS.
V. FRUIT, FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES FOR THE HOME
VI. POULTRY AND LIVE STOCK.
VII. THE FARM ON A COUNTRY PLACE.
VIII. FORESTRY FOR THE SMALL FARM, ETC., ETC.

JOSCELYN CHESHIRE—By Sara Beaumont Kennedy

This is pre-eminently the day of the new writer and the historical romance. Mrs. Kennedy's name is still unknown to fiction readers—except to those who have read the first instalment of her spirited romance in this number of EVERYBODY'S. This tale of the closing days of the Revolution in North Carolina is chiefly notable for a most unusual heroine, charming but keen as a sword blade and so ardent a Tory as to drive Master Richard Clevering well nigh to despair; and for some intensely dramatic and tragic pictures of life in the prison hulks of Wallabout Bay, almost more dreaded by the Continentals than death itself. It is, moreover, a dashing tale that keeps a tight grip on the reader's interest.

NEWS FROM THE WOODS AND FIELDS

A series of photographs by A. Radclyffe Dugmore (author of "Bird Homes"), with explanatory captions, showing each month what is going on among the birds and animals, trees and flowers. It will show the reader what he would find if he were to go out into the woods—provided he were on such intimate terms with its denizens as is Mr. Dugmore.

CHARACTER STUDIES OF ANIMALS

Mr. Dugmore is nearer to Thoreau in his capacity for forming animal friendships than anyone who has been before the public for a long time. He goes out into the woods and in two days he can get to know so well even as wild a bird as a worm-eating warbler that the mother will feed its young on his hand—while he takes a photograph of the operation by pressing a bulb with the other. At the Washington Zoological Park recently he made friends with the otter there, and the two literally played together all the morning. "The only thing he could not understand," said Mr. Dugmore "was why I would not come into the water and continue the game there!" The story of this otter, with several splendid photograpic portraits, will appear in a future issue of EVERYBODY'S, and it will be followed by an account of a beaver and other animals.

ROMANCES OF WORK

Mr. Maximilian Foster, who has been making a name for himself as a writer of unusually strong and vivid stories, will publish

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in EVERYBODY'S a very striking group of stories, each laid in the atmosphere of one of the vast industries so characteristic of our country at the beginning of the Twentieth Century. These tales are interesting, first of all, as good fiction; but they carry additional force and vitality from their connection with the everyday life of labor, which is, after all, most of life to the great majority of Americans. They deal with:

The Gun Foundry.	The Rolling Mill.
Oil Wells and Pipe Lines.	Great Ship-Yards.
Cotton Mills.	A Steamer's Engine Room.
Coal-Mines	Lumber Camps.
Bridge Building.	Newspaper Making, Etc., Etc., Etc.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART

In the last few years photography has been transformed from a mechanical process into an artistic pursuit—because it has been taken in hand by men and women of real artistic feeling. There are five or six workers in America to-day who have an international reputation and whose work shows true feeling and individuality. Articles on these artists, with reproductions of characteristic pictures by them will be a prominent feature of the Magazine. Among those treated will be Mrs. Käsebier (to whom a friend once dedicated her book as follows: "To Gertrude Käsebier, who reads people's hearts and makes pictures of them"), Alfred Stieglitz, Clarence White, Rudolph Eickmeyer, Jr., and others.

SONGS OF THE SOUTH (Set to Music)

Miss Howard Weeden has, according to Joel Chandler Harris, given a truer picture in her poems and painting of the old-time negro than has ever before been presented. A very unusual feature of EVERYBODY'S during the coming year will consist of her best songs and portrait-heads, with accompanying music by a negro musician, who is striving to show the world that the "coon-songs" now in vogue are but the cheapest libel on the really beautiful music of the Southern negro.

SHORT STORIES.

The aim of the Magazine will be to secure not so much the stories of famous authors, but *good* stories—no matter by whom. It may be mentioned, however, that the first issues contain fiction and poetry by Mary E. Wilkins, James Whitcomb Riley, Charles Major, Maximilian Foster, Abraham Cahan, Edwin Asa Dix, and many other well-known writers.

A special interest will be given by stories of localities:

Stories of the Great Lakes.	Stories of the West.
Stories of the South.	Stories of Mines and Mountains.

Stories of the City, Etc.

POPULAR BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Each issue of the Magazine will contain a carefully compiled report of the popular books of the month,—and in this connection will be given very entertaining interviews with the famous authors of the day, illustrated by new portraits specially taken for the purpose—as in "Ernest Seton-Thompson at Home" next month.

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Vol. III. **DECEMBER, 1900.** **No. 16.**

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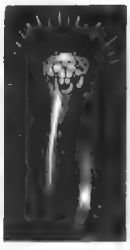

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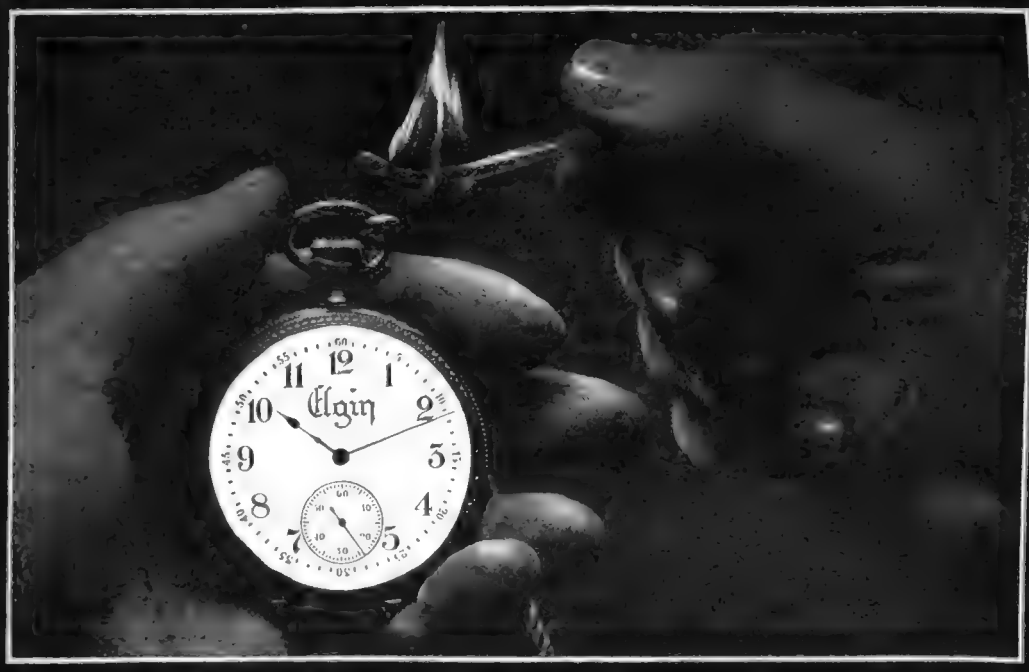

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Plain Round Collarettes, 10 inches deep, high collar, Astrachan, $15; Krimmer, $22.50.

Storm Collarettes, 6 inches deep, trimmed in tails, Mink, $45 to $75; Black Marten, $25 to $35; Persian Lamb, $30 to $40; Electric Seal, $8.50.

Combination Storm Collar, with revers, in Persian Lamb, and Black Marten, back of collar and revers of Persian Lamb, top of Black Marten, finished with 4 Black Marten tails, $22.50.

SCARFS AND BOAS

Alaska Sable Scarfs, circular shape, trimmed with tails, $5 to $30, according to size.

Cluster Scarfs of Dyed Raccoon, rich full fur trimmed with 8 tails, $9.

Stone Marten Cluster Scarfs, trimmed with 6 Wolverine tails, $16.50; with 6 Stone Marten tails, $20.

Natural Lynx Cluster Scarfs, with 8 tails, $12.

Scarfs of Blended Baum Marten, from $35 to $60.

Natural Hudson Bay Sable Scarfs, from $60 to $200.

Electric Seal Scarfs, $5 and $6.

Cinnamon Bear Boa, 3 yards long and Muff to match, $70 set.

Black Marten Double Cluster Scarf, with long tabs and finished with 10 tails, $27.50.

Mink Scarfs, $12.50 to $45.

Animal Shape Scarfs:
Blue Fox, $25 to $35.
Brown Fox, $11.50 and $17.50.
Red Fox, $12.
Black Marten, $18.

CAPES

Plain Electric Seal Capes, 24 inches long, $30; 27 inches long, $33; 30 inches long, $36.50.

Electric Seal Capes with top collar and front edges of Alaska Sable, 24 inches, $37.50; 27 inches, $40; 30 inches, $45.

Fur-lined Capes in Brown, Blue, Purple, Gray and Tan, $45, $55, and $60.

COATS

Plain Electric Seal Coats, reefer front with revers, 22 inches long, $37.50; 24 inches long, $40.

Electric Seal Coats, top collar and deep revers of beaver, $50.

Plain Persian Lamb Coats, 22 inches deep, $90.

Persian Lamb Coats, top collar and revers of Chinchilla, $125.

Seal Coats, 22 and 24 inches long, from $200 to $350.

Stylish Eton Jacket, made from choice Eastern Mink skins, with stripes cut bias, $500.

Newmarket, made from selected Leipsic dyed Persian skins combined with Bolero jacket of Chinchilla, $1,000.

Coat of Russian Sable, loose fitting, with revers $3,000.

Coat of Imperial Russian Sable, 44 inches long, finished with revers, lace and buckles, $4,000.

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK CITY

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THE WANAMAKER JEWELRY STORE

Splendidly Equipped for the Holiday Trade

AND now arises that perplexing annual question: What will be a suitable present for "so-and-so"? It is our mission to help you to a solution. Everywhere about the store we've prepared as never before,—nowhere better than in the enlarged jewelry store. Superior assortments are there gathered of all the new, best designs of all kinds of jewelry. Here you may select at Wanamaker prices—that means prices minus that considerable percentage you're often asked to pay merely for name. Almost as easy to buy by mail as if you come in person —just as sure to satisfy. Money back for anything not exactly right.

This list may contain a suggestion:

Of Sterling Silver

Mirrors	$5.00 to $15.00
Hair Brushes	3.00 to 12.00
Military Brushes	2.75 to 7.50
Cloth Brushes	2.75 to 7.75
Velvet Brushes	2.00 to 4.75
Hat Brushes	1.00 to 2.00
Bonnet Brushes	1.00 to 8.00
Combs	.50 to 2.00
Shoe Horns	.50 to 2.75
Button Hooks	.50 to 2 50
Nail Files	.50 to 2.50
Tooth Brushes	.50 to 2.75
Nail Brushes	.50 to 2.75
Glove Stretchers	1.50 to 10.75
Nail Polishers	1.00 to 5.50
Whisk Brooms	1.00 to 8.25
Cut Glass Salve Jars, Sterling Silver Tops	.50 to 4.50
Cut Glass Puff Boxes, Silver Tops	1.25 to 12.25

Of Gold

Men's Gold Watches	$25.00 to $150.00
Women's Gold Watches	18.00 to 150.00
Men's Gold Chains	8.00 to 25.00
Women's Gold Chains	6.00 to 85.00
14-K Gold Scarf Pins	1.00 to 75.00
14-K Gold Links	3.00 to 50.00
14-K Gold Brooches	2.50 to 50.00
14-K Gold Studs, Set of 3	2.00 to 5.00
14-K Gold Cuff Pins, Pair	2.00 to 7.50
14-K Gold Hat Pins	2.00 to 15.00
14-K Gold Bracelets	10.00 to 50.00
Gold Fobs	4.50 to 10.00
Gold Fobs, with Seals	12.75 to 40.00
Gold Lockets	2.50 to 50 00
Men's Diamond Rings	15.00 to 400.00
Women's Diamond Rings	10.00 to 500.00

JOHN WANAMAKER

NEW YORK CITY

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STYLISH AND PROPER DRESS FOR MEN

The smartest, handsomest, best ready-made clothing in the world is Wanamaker's. The newest, most exclusive neckwear, the handsomest, best-fitting shirts are made for us. And every state and territory in the United States is in easy reach of Wanamaker's. Come, or write.

Clothing

The most complete stock of **Overcoats** in particular New York—best, fairest priced. Good serviceable Overcoats of all-wool Oxford gray frieze, at $8.50.

Of same material, better quality, satin shoulders and plaid body lining, at $10.

Of black and Oxford mixed frieze, serge lined, satin sleeve linings, and velvet collars. Compare with any $15 coat in any other store—here for $12.

The **Raglan** Overcoat is the swell coat for the young man. Made of Oxford mixed cheviot, at $15.

We have magnificent coats at $20 to $45.

If you need a coat this winter don't fail to see or write about the Wanamaker stock.

Same story about Men's Suits—$8.50 upwards.

Boys' Clothing—The best clothing in New York City for boys, and for the least money.

Double-breasted Jacket Suits with extra trousers of all-wool fancy cheviots, silk sewed, and made to stand hard wear; sizes for 7 to 16 years. Price, complete, $5.

Boys' Suits with Vests, of all-wool fancy cheviots, with double-breasted vest; sizes 9 to 16 years, at $5.00—a good $6.50 quality.

Better Suits up to $14.

Boys' Winter Overcoats, of all-wool frieze, in Oxford mixed, brown, blue and tan; sizes 4 to 16 years, $5.

Furnishings

Neckwear—Imperial English Squares, Puffs, Tecks and Four-in-hands, 50c to $4.50.

The Narrow Four-in-hand is the most popular scarf at present, 50c, $1 and $1.50 each.

Suspenders—Every known weave of silk, cotton and lisle webbing, imported and domestic, 25c to $5.50; with silver buckles, $2.50 to $5.50.

Blanket Bath Robes, all with the new Raglan sleeves, $3.75, $6, $8, $10.

House Coats—Splendid Christmas gifts, $3.75, $4.50, $5 to $10.

Colored Shirts, in newest styles, $1 and $1.50.

White Dress Shirts—$1 and $1.50—the best in the world at their prices.

Mackintoshes—$5 and upwards.

Everything else for Man or Boy????

JOHN WANAMAKER

NEW YORK CITY

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CHICKERING PIANOS

Always unsurpassed and always progressive they were never so good as they are now. Professional and popular opinion is witness to the truth of the statement.

Other pianos have sold largely because of the abrupt positiveness with which they have been presented. Chickerings shall not suffer for want of publicity and facility.

When the Wanamaker Store took over the selling of Chickering Pianos for the vicinage of New York and Philadelphia—

The Best Piano that the World ...Has Yet Produced...

was offered for sale by

The Easiest Buying Method that an Honest Purchaser Could Wish

Ask or write us for full information about it.

But perhaps you are more interested in the fact that absolutely right, fair and fixed prices have been made on pianos of high character. This is an innovation in piano selling that will be welcomed by all purchasers. The best piano in the world, at the lowest price for which it can be sold, with the Wanamaker guarantee and service.

And not alone the Chickering; for here are the Vose, the Krell, the Haines, the Royal, the Crown—each with highest merit in its class. The most comprehensive assemblage of pianos gathered in any store anywhere.

CHICKERING
VOSE
KRELL

HAINES
CROWN
ROYAL

But you have other needs—come or write to us for the best of everything for personal wear or home furnishment.

JOHN WANAMAKER

NEW YORK CITY

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DRESS PATTERNS FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

Every season there is a large demand for these practical dress patterns. They are mostly goods in patterns that are here months in advance so that early buying does not mean less desirable styles. Manufacturers have found the advantage of this large outlet for their merchandise. The consumers no less quickly discover theirs in the rich choosing, at most moderate cost.

We have planned this season with the purpose of excelling all previous efforts in providing satisfactory choosing at prices no less satisfactory. In this brief space it's impossible to give more than a brief hint of the most varied gatherings of stylish, tasteful dress patterns of many materials. Each is boxed in suitable shape for giving as a holiday present.

Dress Patterns of Percale

Ten-yard lengths at $1.25 each. These are all in designs intended for the Spring of 1901. We have over 250 handsome new patterns.

Dress Patterns of Seersuckers

Ten-yard lengths for $1.10 each. Made for next Spring's selling also. These are all neatly boxed or banded for gift-giving.

Dress Patterns of Fancy Ginghams

Ten-yard lengths at $1.25 each. There's a splendid variety of these, too. New,—the designs that will meet your eyes next Spring.

Dress Patterns of Printed Flannelette

Ten-yard lengths at $1 each. Beautiful printings in extensive variety.

Dress Patterns of Wool Goods

These are put up attractively in boxes, either with or without garnitures. Prices are $3 to $6 each. Some wool goods neatly banded at $2.25 to $4.50.

In and about the Rotunda.

JOHN WANAMAKER

NEW YORK CITY

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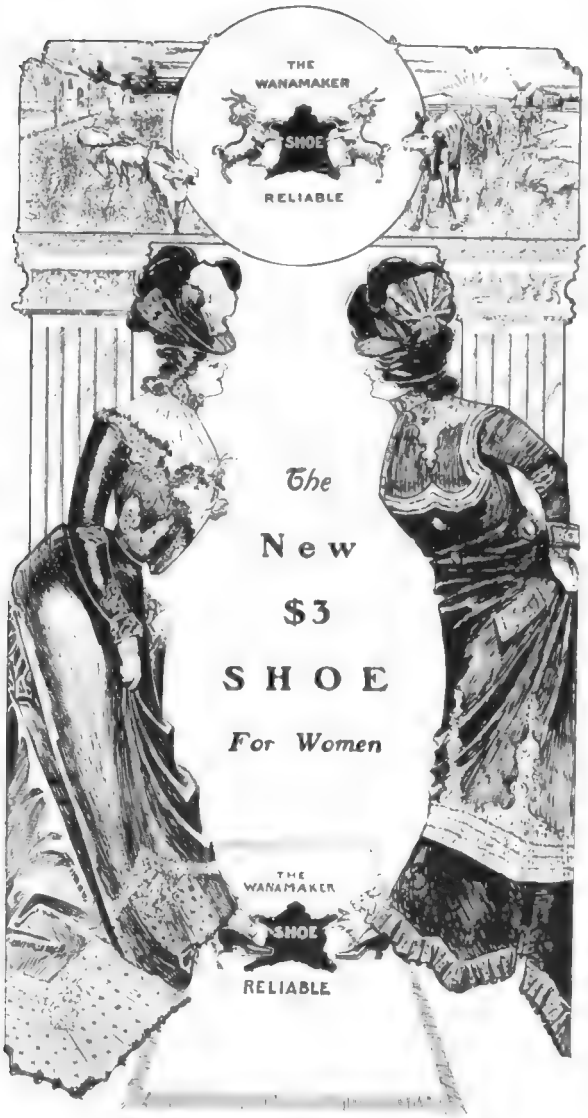

The Wanamaker-Reliable SHOES for WOMEN

Twelve years ago we introduced the "*Wanamaker-Wearwell*" Shoes for men and women, and it brought about a new era in the manufacturing of Shoes. They were imitated far and wide, and names began to be exploited in connection with shoes. Shoemaking has improved much in those years, and each season found the "*Wanamaker-Wearwell*" growing better and better, until to-day there does not exist any equal at its price, $3. But now "*Wearwell*" stands only for Men's Shoes, and a new name has been coined for the counterpart of value in Women's Shoes—The "*Wanamaker-Reliable*," with the trade-mark, as shown in the illustration, stamped on label and sole.

And what does the new trade-mark stand for? Listen—and if the John Wanamaker reputation does not give you fullest confidence in every fact stated, test and prove them by the severest criticism and comparison that can be made.

All leathers used are the best obtainable. The kidskin being the highest priced glazed chrome tanned *Vici*, made by Robert H. Foerderer—than which there is no better made. The calfskin, the enameled and patent leathers are equally supreme in quality. The soles are made of the best oak-tanned leather.

The workmanship is of the highest character—grace and skill in the finish, as well as most thorough and honest painstaking at every point in the construction—all soles made in the most flexible manner, to give the fullest ease and comfort, as well as lasting service, with good looks that last as long as the shoes. *The styles are the smartest and handsomest of the correct models.* In variety they cover all the shoes needed for any purpose—indoor or out, for dress or hard service.

In beauty, in style, in graceful form or easy comfort, in leather, in workmanship and finish—in all qualities that go to make shoe value, the "*Wanamaker-Reliable*" Shoes have no equal at their price.

How can we be sure of it?

Because we know every shoe of any note that is made. We know what goes into other shoes at $3 and $3.50, and we have made sure that *better* leather, *better* workmanship, *better* style go into every pair of Wanamaker-Reliable Shoes that is made.

How Can We Do It?

Because our vast distribution of shoes makes us masters of the leather market and shoe manufacturing. Such vast transactions as ours allow factory economies and prevent uncertainty, worry and waste.

In a nutshell—*Because this is Wanamaker's;* and the whole merchandising power of this establishment put itself back of the shoemaking brains that planned this revolution of shoe values—said it must be; and it was.

To the women of Greater New York, and all others, from Maine to California, we introduce the finest, handsomest, best shoes ever offered at three dollars, or near it.

The Wanamaker-Reliable, $3 a pair.

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK CITY

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Guaranteed To Wear.....

"IONSILK" TRADE MARK

.BLACK. TAFFETA

Made by
The Stirling Silk
Mfg. Co.

FOR SALE BY THE LEADING DRY GOODS SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
AFTER BATHING AND SHAVING.

Delightful After Bathing
A Luxury After Shaving

A POSITIVE RELIEF FOR
CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING,

and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration.

Get MENNEN'S (the original), *a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.*

Refuse all other powders, which are liable to do harm.

Sold everywhere, or mailed for **25 cents.** (*Sample free.*)

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Every dealer who knows **Foster's "Ideal" Spring Bed** realizes this and sells it as the best that money can buy.

If you sleep on one you know that it is the best spring ever made. It's twice as deep as the ordinary spring, and our patent flexible centre frame holds each spring firmly, keeping it in an upright position at all times—absolutely preventing all buckling and lateral displacement. Each spring taking the weight placed directly upon it, keeps the body in a natural, easy position.

Try One 30 Nights—Your Money Back If Not Satisfactory.

All wide-awake dealers sell them. If your's don't, write us for we know one who does.

Our book, "The Ideal Way," sent on request.

FOSTER BROS. MFG. COMPANY

Makers Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Springs, etc.

100 BROAD STREET, UTICA, N.Y.

COLORS ARE SHELL, AMBER AND BLACK
25c. A BOX
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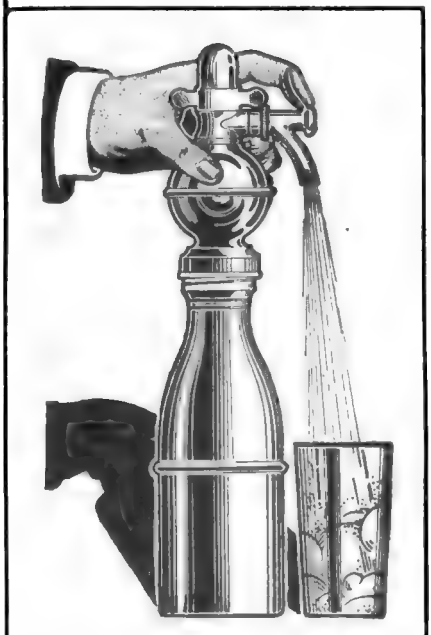
TRADE MARK

SMALL STEEL CAPSULES FILLED WITH CARBONIC-ACID-GAS

Make all Drinks Sparkling

FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT

that will be used and appreciated all the year round, there is nothing like a SPARKLETS outfit. The Bottles are practical enough to please the most matter of fact, and handsome enough for the most fastidious friend on your list. They can be used in the dining-room, billiard room, or nursery, or slipped into the hand satchel, and are always ready. Light, portable, and easily used.



Pint Bottles . . . $1.50 up
Pint Syphon Attachments, 50 cents
Quart Syphons . . $3.00 up
Pint SPARKLETS (10 in a box), 25 cents
Quart SPARKLETS (10 in a box), 40 cents

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"No Good; No Pay"

That's the brutal way of condensing our famous guarantee—in which we have not changed one word in years. If we knew how to make it stronger we would. If you want it stronger make your proposition—anything in reason from responsible people.

Thirty Nights' Free Trial.

Sleep on it thirty nights, and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked." There will be no unpleasantness about it at all.

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress $15.

Tens of thousands have been sold—not ten yet returned. Look up our commercial rating, note our business record of 47 years, and then decide if the guarantee is good.

All We Ask—SEND FOR OUR BOOK

"The Test of Time," even if you don't want a mattress. You will be glad to have the book—it will interest you and post you. It costs us 30 cents to answer every request but we do it gladly. If you *ever* want a mattress after you get the book, we know the kind you will buy. We can make any special size desired.

BEWARE! There is not a single store in the country that can sell our mattress; almost every store now has an imitation so-called "felt" which is kept in stock to sell on our advertising. *Our name and guarantee on every genuine mattress.* Can only be bought from us direct.

2 feet 6 inches wide,	25 lbs.,	$ 8.35
3 feet wide,	30 lbs.,	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide,	35 lbs.,	11.70
4 feet wide,	40 lbs.,	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide,	45 lbs.,	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.

Made in two parts 50 cents extra.
These prices include express charges.

Trade Mark

OSTERMOOR & CO., 115½ Elizabeth St., New York.

We have cushioned 25,000 Churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."

CHILDREN TEETHING

THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Wonderful — Magical — Invaluable

Wm. Gillette New York. *Lady Stanley* London. *Chas. Foss* Montana.

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The Pocket Physician and Family Medicine Chest for Headache, Neuralgia, all Pain, Colds, "Grip," Asthma, Indigestion, Seasickness, Etc.

"DOES GOOD EVERY TIME"—*Alfred G. Bauer, Mgr. Sprague, Warner & Co.'s Ad. Department, Chicago.*

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MISS JULIA MARLOWE writes: "I consider 'Orangeine' the most wonderful remedy for headache, pain or fatigue that I have ever known."

Every Mail Brings Grateful Tributes.

"Orangeine" is sold by druggists in the cities of its introduction in 10, 25 and 50-cent packages. For the sake of intelligent trial we will be glad to mail trial package FREE with full information on receipt of two cents for postage.

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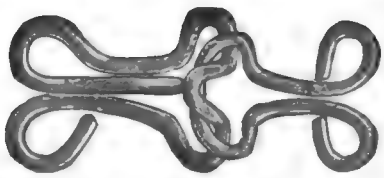
SNAP Hook & Eye



THE HOOK OF 1900

CLOSED by a touch OPENED by a pull

WILL MAKE YOUR GOWNS WEAR LONGER AND LOOK BETTER TO THE END

The life of a gown is imperilled by the use of inferior fastenings. The bending or unfastening of a single hook means instant untidiness and speedy ruin to the most perfectly cut gown. The **Snap Hook and Eye** is made of spring carbon steel and is practically indestructible.

If a waist is made with a blouse or full front, the ordinary hook simply cannot hold it closed. The **Snap Hook and Eye** will hold it firmly, but so lightly, that there is no possibility of a wrinkle or a draw. The secret is in the small steel spring that holds the eye fast.

Many patent fasteners are delightful and convenient at first, but soon bend, break, and get out of shape. The **Snap Hook and Eye** lasts as long as the dress.

Most of the new gowns fasten at the shoulder and underarm seams. It is difficult to close them with the old-fashioned hook. Use the **Snap Hook and Eye,** which closes easily by a touch, *and you hear it close.* It requires no groping round for the eye to the destruction of trimmings. A whole row can be opened by a slight pull on the hook side of the garment, but not one hook can possibly come undone till the wearer is ready.

No waist can keep its fit and shape if it is daily stretched and pulled in putting on and off. With the **Snap Hook and Eye** there is no stretching. It is the shortest hook made, and the most open eye. Yet it is the firmest. The **Snap** does it.

Ideal for plackets. The only fastener that is reliable and gives a flat effect. Made in various sizes. If your dealer does not keep them send 10 cents for a sample card. Say whether White or Black.

SNAP HOOK AND EYE CO., 377 Broadway, New York City

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for Business.

Our private Lessons BY MAIL in

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SHORTHAND,
BUSINESS FORMS,
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open up to *YOUNG MEN* and *WOMEN* ***good paying positions.*** We give just the training needed for ***success in business.*** No interference with work—only spare time required. The ***cheapest*** and ***best method*** of study. The first school of its kind. Highly endorsed. We also teach ***English, Civil Service*** and other courses by mail or at our Buffalo School, established 46 years. Trial lesson 10 cents. Interesting Catalogue free. It will pay you to write today.

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A well-known School of National reputation.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS

TO A LIMITED NUMBER
IN Electrical, Mechanical, Marine Stationary, or Locomotive and Mechanical Drawing. **ENGINEERING**
Application blank on request.
American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass.
(Chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.)

SEND NO MONEY

$7.50

Cut this ad. out and send to us, **state your height, weight, number of inches around body at bust and waist, length of skirt in front from waist to bottom,** and we will send you our new, perfect fitting **WATERPROOF SKIRT AND CAPE** by express C. O. D., subject to examination. **You can examine and try it on at your express office, and if found the MOST STYLISH WATERPROOF SUIT you ever saw, the equal of anything you could have made at double our price, superior to waterproof suits that sell generally at $12.00 to $15.00, then pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE $7.50** and express charges. **These suits are made from an extra quality all wool covert waterproof mackintosh cloth,** and come in tan, olive brown, and brown and black check. **Be sure to state color wanted. THE CAPE** is lined with an extra quality waterproof lining, double pressed wide facing, full watteau back, velvet collar, pearl buttons, velvet inlaid epaulets in back. **SKIRT**—Latest style, adjustable at waist, plaid lining Sizes to fit a waist from 20 to 32 inches. Buttons on the side. Buttons concealed by deep fly. Can be worn in place of or over an ordinary skirt. **A $7.50 fashionable suit for rainy, sloppy and nasty weather such as was never offered before. Cape only, $3.75; skirt only, $3.75.** For cloth samples of everything in mackintoshes write for free Sample Book No. 83K. Address,
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Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.
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Teaching mechanics the theory of their work.

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250,000 students and graduates in **Mechanical, Electrical, Steam, Civil and Mining Engineering; Architecture; Plumbing Heating; Refrigeration; Pattern Drafting; Drawing and Designing; Chemistry; Telegraphy; Telephony; Stenography; Book-keeping; English Branches; Methods of Teaching.** When writing state subject in which interested.

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"IN THE SOAP ITSELF."

HEALTH BEAUTY ENJOYMENT

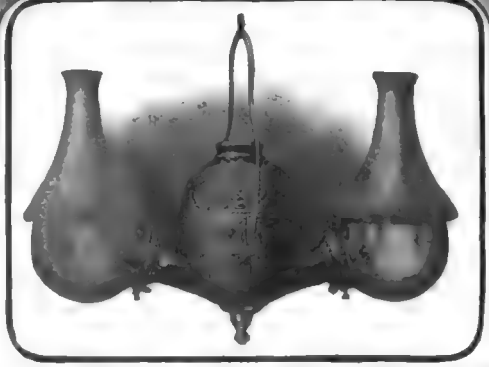
HYOMEI SOAP

MADE FROM THE FRESH GREEN LEAVES OF THE TASMANIAN BLUE GUM TREE

The Only Soap Manufactured Without Fats Grease and Dangerous Alkali.
To use it means a Beautiful Healthy Skin free from blemish.

All Druggists, or Sent by Mail. Price 25c. Sample Cake 5c. THE R. T. BOOTH CO. ITHACA N.Y.

WICKOFF ADVTG. AGCY. ITHACA N. Y.



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"The Light That Never Fails"

Nothing can be gained or saved by sticking to the unsatisfactory, old-fashioned lamp with its smoke, smell and nuisance, or by adopting gas or electricity that always are expensive and often unsatisfactory; better use instead the Angle Lamp that not only does away with all the trouble of ordinary lamps but is so economical that it pays for itself in a short time. While more brilliant than gas or electricity it never smokes, smells or gets out of order, is lighted and extinguished as easily as gas and burns but

EIGHTEEN CENTS

worth of oil a month, and unlike some new lighting methods is absolutely non-explosive. It is not only the best light but it costs less than the worst. As a CHRISTMAS GIFT it will prove most acceptable. Thousands are now in use in homes, stores, offices, churches, halls, factories, etc., and users say voluntarily that they are ideal. If you are interested in progressive methods send for our catalogue Z, showing all styles from $1.80 up.

THE ANGLE LAMP CO., - 76 Park Place, New York City.

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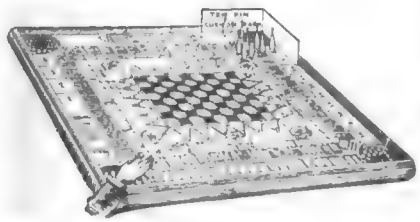

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But we will do still better for sufferers from long-standing skin diseases and complexion blemishes. Though when treated by these World-Famous Remedies, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, MOTH AND LIVER PATCHES, on or under the skin, TAN, YELLOW and MUDDY SKIN rapidly disappear, most of them within a week, nearly all within a month, yet if THE WORST COMPLEXION is not made PERFECTLY YOUTHFUL, CLEAR and BRILLIANTLY LOVELY within sixty days, we will continue to supply the Wafers and Soap at this EXTREMELY low dollar rate, till a CLEAR, LOVELY complexion is obtained and all blemishes have disappeared. WHY ARE WE ABLE TO MAKE THIS UNPARALLELED OFFER? BECAUSE we expect to send out not less than 50,000 packages of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap, in answer to as many satisfied ladies, who will certainly each and all enthusiastically recommend us to their friends. We will certainly sell half a million packages of our complexion remedies AT FULL RATES, through their indorsement.

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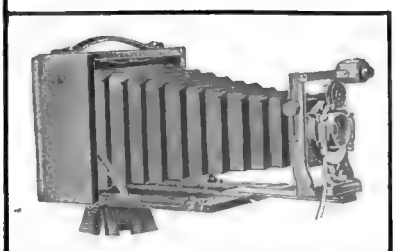

We have a little book that gives details. Every sentence in it holds a bargain. Some of the cameras offered are second-hand ones, but not by any means all of them. And the second-hand ones are just as good as ever and generally the best values.
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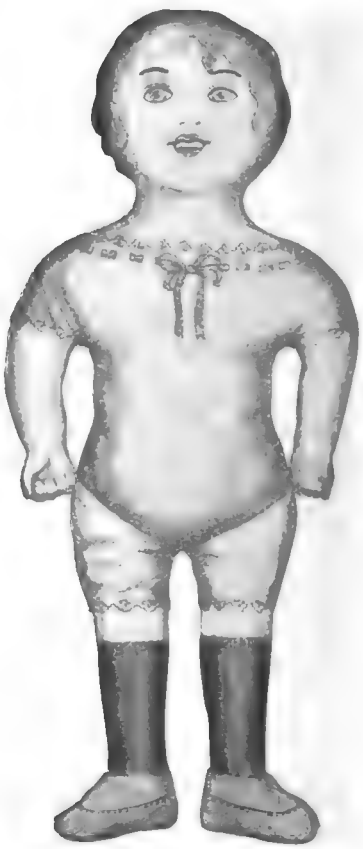
COOK'S Flaked Rice is a perfect food for every member of the family. Delicious and tempting, it may be prepared on the table in less than a minute.



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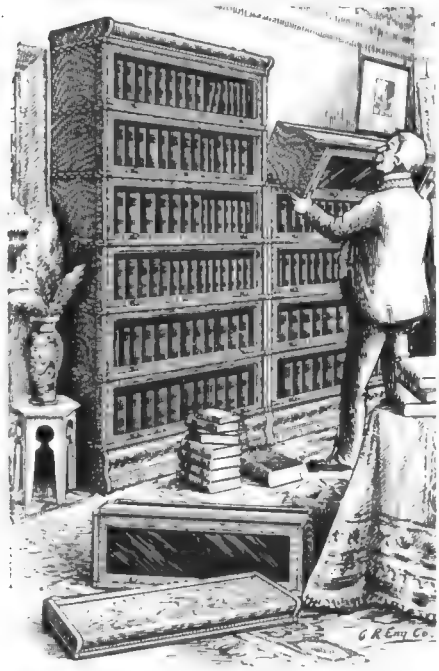

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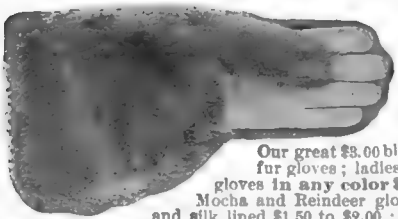

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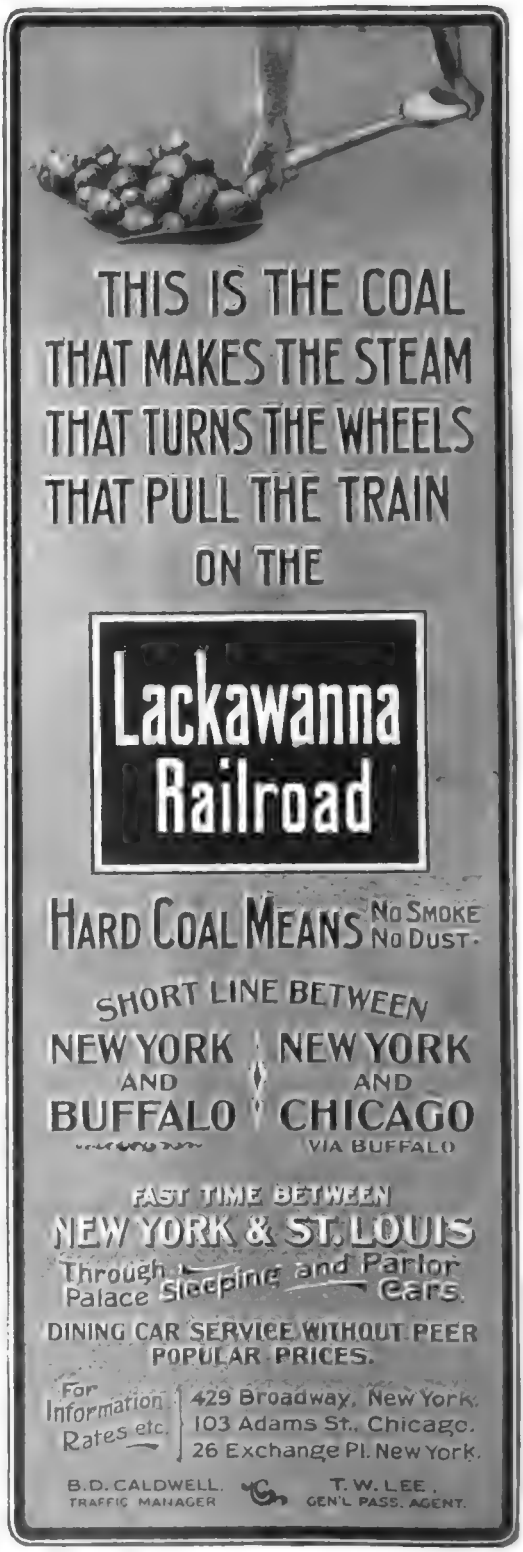
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RESTORES THE HEALTH
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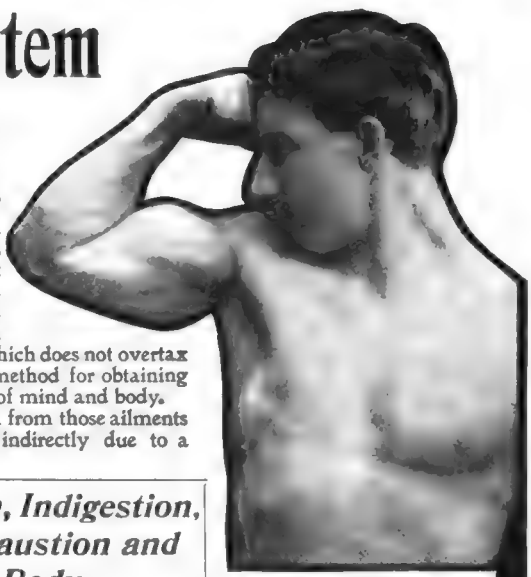

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Perfect Health means an absolute freedom from those ailments which a well informed mind knows are directly or indirectly due to a lack of properly arranged exercise.

Absolutely Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Nervous Exhaustion and Revitalizes the Whole Body.

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Full instructions with each set of four free remedies, represented in this illustration.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Slocum System is medicine reduced to an exact science by America's foremost specialist, and our readers are urged to take advantage of Dr. Slocum's generous offer.

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The ailments of women and delicate children are speedily relieved.

The four remedies form a panoply of **strength** against disease in whatever shape it may attack you.

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To obtain these four **FREE** preparations, illustrated above, all you have to do is to write to

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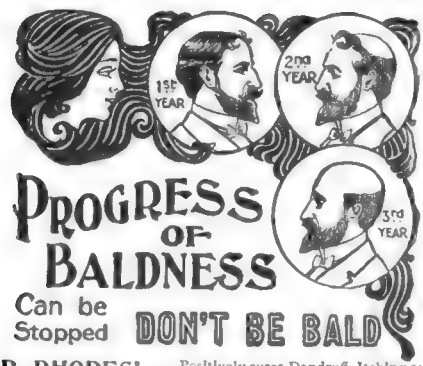

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Can be Stopped **DON'T BE BALD**

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FREE trial bottle of Dr. Rhodes' Astringent Hair Lotion, the great hair grower, if you ask for it.

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Prices range from $280 to $325, according to the size of the motor.

Shall we mail you an illustrated circular of full particulars?

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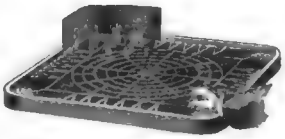
A Game of Carroms now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men,—
And all their relatives.



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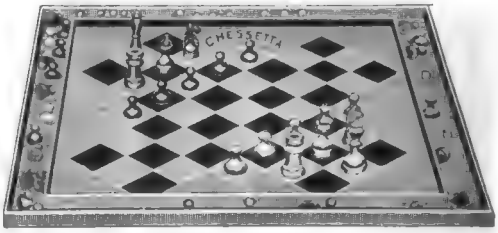

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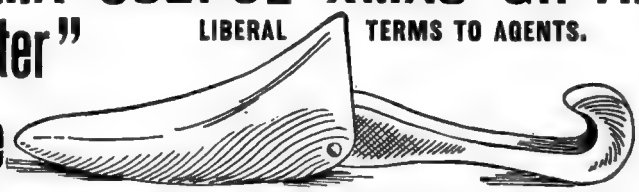

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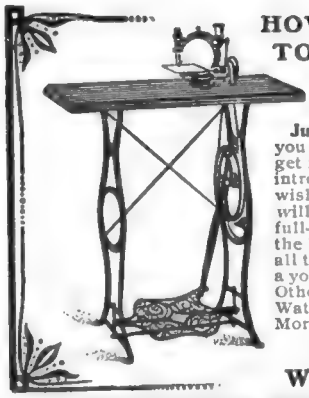

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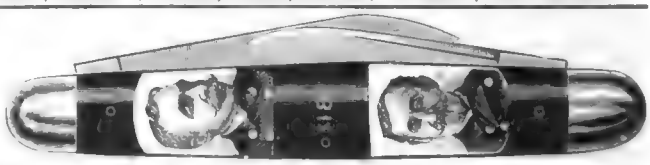

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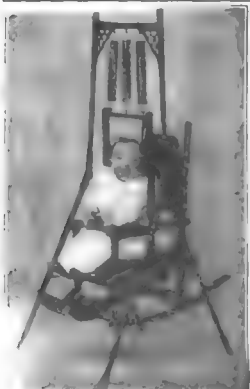

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